

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

Robert D. Novak / W. F. Rickenbacker
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Buckley / Burnham / Mano / Tullock

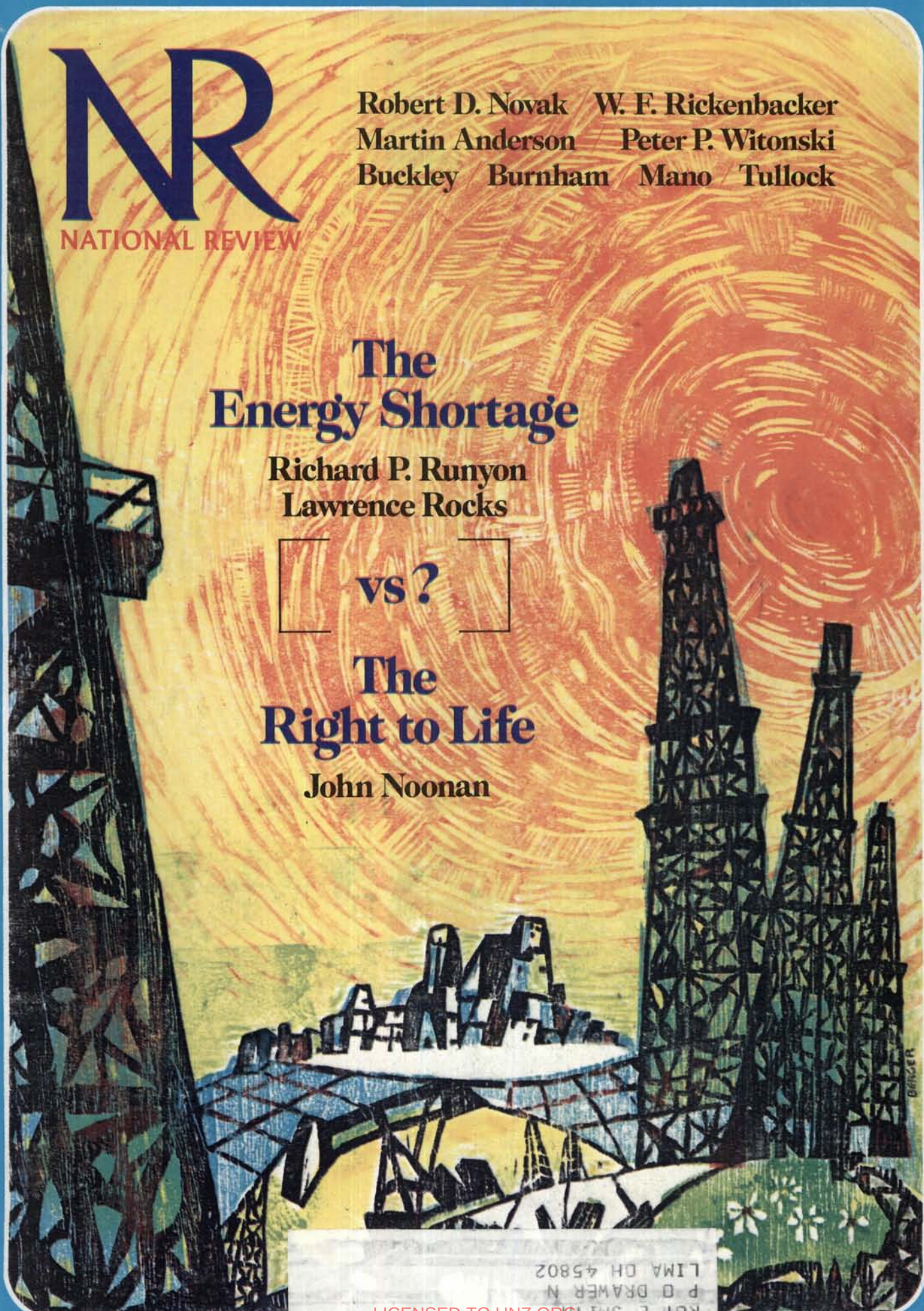
The Energy Shortage

Richard P. Runyon
Lawrence Rocks

vs?

The Right to Life

John Noonan





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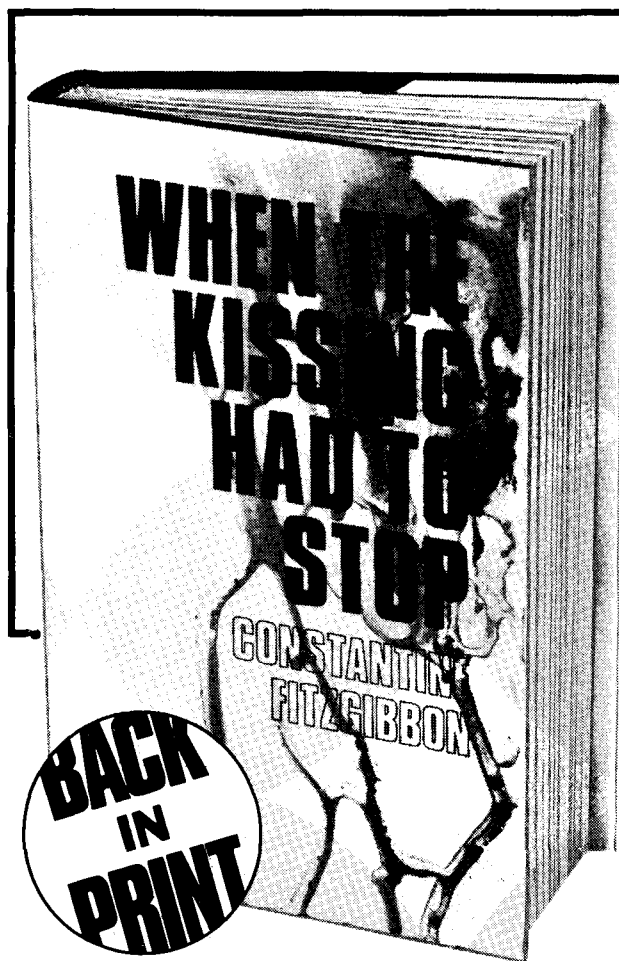
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- ✓ Kyril Vassielivitch Kornoloff: Russia's Stalinlike dictator announces his unilateral disarmament program—and smiles
- ✓ Felix Seligman: Jew-turned-Catholic-turned- . . .
- ✓ Felix's wife Nora May: beautiful and inviting—except at home
- ✓ Leonard Braithwaite, Grand Old Man of the Left, who makes one visit too many to Mother Russia
- ✓ Mark Vernon: traitor, pervert—and victim
- ✓ Antonia May: she whimpers about Women's Lib, but yearns to make herself the big man's slave

Could this be America, the day after tomorrow?

Reviewers Rave—Here and Abroad

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Letters

The Sainted Junior Senator

I am very glad that *NR* was able to use its entree with the distinguished and honorable Senator from the great state of New York to extract from him such a splendid article ["On Becoming a United States Senator," Feb. 2]. The glimpses of everyday life in the Senate were delightful (how jolly to have one's own inkwell and quill pen!); Senator Buckley's analysis of Senate procedure was enlightening—for example, I had always just assumed that senators had weeks to study bills in committee—and his suggestions for change were persuasive.

One insight particularly struck me: that when senators vote a certain way for political reasons, so far from bowing to public opinion, they are actually helping to form it. Would that more senators took as seriously as Mr. Buckley the "important educational function of the Senate."

Chicago, Ill. JULIE WILCOX

I enjoyed the current issue of *NATIONAL REVIEW*, especially James L. Buckley's appraisal of the problems of being a senator. The refreshing thing about the piece was that it was fair and impartial. A freshman senator of whatever political persuasion could benefit from it, for the problems of serving in the United States Senate fall on liberal and conservative and middle-of-the-roader alike.

Plainview, Minn. DICK PETTY

I thoroughly enjoyed Senator Buckley's revealing statements about the inner workings of the Senate: the rush to vote without adequate information, the power and bias of committees, the sloppy amendment procedures, the endless trivia.

All too often we're confronted with flaws in local or private decision-making institutions, and these flaws are used as an excuse to justify channeling more and more of our resources through political, and especially federal, channels. But Congress too is a very imperfect instrument, and though improvements can surely be made, the main problem with the Federal Government is that we ask too much of it. It's a case of elephantiasis.

Maybe dismantling HEW and HUD might not be as "romantic" as the Senator thinks. It might be downright practical.

Anyone who still believes the Federal Government's paternalism can do anything for our urban poor—except bulldoze their homes and break up their families—has obviously never seen the contrast between the public and private sectors of Washington, D.C.

Newark, N.J. WILLIE ADAMS

Mexico v. Vazquez

I found "Seven Days and . . ." by Ed Vazquez [Jan. 19] very humorous, and really enjoyed the story. Having worked at a Port of Entry on the Mexican border, I know every word was true. But there is a moral or two that Vazquez missed.

First, being rude, insubordinate, or otherwise lacking in respect to lawful authorities is a characteristic of the last generation or so of Americans and has become a sort of way of life here. This is simply not the case in many other countries. Mexico, especially. Whether the lack of respect is real or imagined, one can expect any Mexican authority to act just as Vazquez described.

Secondly, the U.S. consulate is not all-powerful. The President will not put an airborne division into action should a citizen be jailed in Mexico. If more of our citizens were aware that they have no special immunities because of their nationality, our relations with Mexico would improve drastically.

Yuma, Ariz. RICHARD HURLBUT

Would you please inform Mr. Ed Vazquez that I have no sympathy whatever for him regarding his recent experience in Old Mexico. Further, you might mention to him that his present attitude will most certainly cause him great mental anguish and loss of time should he encounter a peace officer in Salinas or Sheboygan.

Milwaukee, Wis. B. THOMAS SMITH

I just returned from an enjoyable two-month trailering tour of Mexico and read Ed Vazquez' letter from darkest Mexico, first with interest, then with disgust.

Vazquez asks the reader what he would do if confronted with an irate Mexican landlady demanding her rent money. I myself would produce the receipt I had had the foresight to get, showing that she

(Continues on page 238)

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Major problem for **Nixon** as he goes into second Administration: liberal Republicans in the Senate. *Congressional Quarterly* names these four as most deficient in their support of Administration in 92nd Congress: Sens. **Javits** (N.Y.), **Case** (N.J.), **Brooke** (Mass.), **Mathias** (Md.). . . . One at least, Brooke, is already running for presidential nomination: He says he has \$300,000 left over from last Senate campaign, is exploring the legal limitations on its use. Brooke has enlisted in his stop-Agnew drive (they call it "finding an alternative"), the above-named plus **Mark Hatfield** (Ore.) and **Charles Percy** (Ill.)—potential candidates themselves—and Sens. **Saxbe** and **Taft** of Ohio, **Beall** of Maryland, **Pearson** of Kansas. . . . Hatfield, moving to attach Republican doves to his person, has suggested a constitutional amendment that would require a national referendum to revive the draft. He has also introduced legislation to dismantle the **Selective Service System**.

■ Real problem for opposition **Democrats** in Congress: in the good old days if Nixon offended them they could threaten to cut off funds for Vietnam; now that lever is gone. . . . Another problem for the Administration: some of the new Democratic senators. Freshman **William Hathaway**, who replaced **Margaret Chase Smith**, says he wants a 500 per cent increase in federal aid to education and sharp cuts in the defense budget; freshman **James Abourezk**, who replaced **Karl Mundt**, in his maiden speech on the Senate floor referred to the Nixon-Agnew team as "the elected dictatorship." . . . Conservative Democratic Congressman **Joe Waggonner** (La.) very busy these days organizing a conservative counterpart to the effective liberal House Democratic Study Group.

■ News on the Right: **John Lofton**,



Associated News, London Ben Roth
"That sure puts an end to my weekend trips to Paris."

Editor of the Republican National Committee's fascinating *Monday*, back at *Monday* after one day of work at OEO. It was all a misunderstanding, new National Chairman **George Bush** does want him to stay. (Says Lofton: Now that he's an expert on OEO he may write a book.) . . . The U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia has confirmed lower court dismissal of a suit by **Liberty Lobby** (LL) against ACU et al. (the et al. includes *NR* Publisher **William A. Rusher**). LL had charged that ACU had misappropriated its mailing list. . . . **Jeffrey Bell**, former editor of ACU's *Battle Line*, has been appointed a Fellow at Harvard's Institute of Politics.

■ Whatchaknow: The Rev. **Robert Drinan** (D., Mass.) and Mrs. **Reinhold Niehbur** won't, after all, be investigating the plight of Soviet Jewry on the scene. Intourist has informed them it

can't find hotel accommodations for the group in all of Moscow. . . . Big doings back home on April 21 when the Maoist *Guardian* celebrates its 25th anniversary. Among the honored guests: **Mrs. Morton Sobell**, wife of the atomic spy, defender of the Rosenbergs; and Australian Communist journalist **Wilfred Burchett**, the *Guardian's* man in Hanoi, Pyongyang, and Peking. . . . Communist Party lawyer **John Abt** delighted President Nixon has not asked for funds for the Subversive Activities Control Board, which means SACB will be out of business June 30. Abt wants Congress to go the rest of the way and repeal the legislation that set up the SACB in the first place. . . . Black Panther **Huey Newton** is going back to school: He will be studying for his PhD at UCal, Santa Barbara.

■ So now they announce it: During Algerian rebellion a major propaganda effort by the nationalists was based on book by French journalist **Henri Alleg**, *The Question*, a lurid story of French tortures of guerrillas. Now the French Communist Party announces that Alleg, still in Algeria as editor of *Alger Républicaine*, is, as many suspected in the past, a Communist Party member. . . . Among the mourners at funeral of African rebel leader **Amilcar Cabral** last week, black American playwright and activist **Imamu Amiri Baraka** (**Le-Roi Jones**). . . . Mexico has tossed out those Haitian rebels who kidnaped American ambassador **Chilton Knox**, refusing them, and the political prisoners who were freed in the ransom exchange, political exile. They've flown off to **Allendeland**.

■ Golfer manqué **Spiro Agnew**, just back from his Asian tour, did not play in the **Bob Hope** Golf Tournament last week. The reason he gave: "Bob Hope says my *not* playing was part of the ceasefire."



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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . we beg to differ with several trendy shibboleths. An especially cute one, lately caught and run with by the Supreme Court in its abortion decision, is that the *quality* of life, not life itself, is what really matters. **John T. Noonan Jr.**, a distinguished scholar of the law, dissents, and fears for the retarded, the physically malformed, and other factory-rejects of the future. The Court having made bad law, he suggests the people get behind a good constitutional amendment. . . . World tensions are easing; the Soviet Union has plenty of fossil fuels; we have the technology to extract them; so we needn't stew about America's energy crisis, right? Wrong, say scientists **Richard P. Runyon** and **Lawrence Rocks**: We're getting the short end of the deals proposed so far—especially when we have coal enough to make synthetic gas and oil for the next couple of hundred years. . . . **Robert D. Novak**, of the column-writing team of *Evans &*, examines a disappointing new book that starts out to demolish the myth of John Kennedy—the compassionate-domestic-statesman, only to wander astray and uphold the new myth of JFK as wicked cold warrior. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** punctures another new myth: that President Nixon should have settled with Hanoi in October; the bombing of North Vietnam didn't make a bit of difference, and so forth. Did too. WFB will be reporting from Europe for the next several weeks. . . . And some recent unpleasantnesses: **Taki Theodoracopulos** looks with dismay on what's happened to Paris; **D. Keith Mano** goes to the Inaugural Ball (not bad training for his visit to Norman Mailer's fiftieth birthday party, read all about it next issue).

—CHS

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THE SEVEN DEADLIEST CRIMES AGAINST YOURSELF!

Are You Guilty of Any of Them?

- 1** How many times in the last 24 hours did you risk a heart attack or an ulcer — simply because you didn't know a little fact about proper breathing?
- 2** When was the last time you snapped at an imagined insult — and lost a true friend?
- 3** Are you missing respect and popularity — by a hairsbreadth — because you're overlooking a simple principle of human dynamics?
- 4** Is insomnia ruining your life — because you're omitting a 20-second, nightly routine?
- 5** Are you starving yourself sensually — without even knowing it? Without knowing what to do about it?
- 6** Do you cause secret misery to loved ones — when you're actually trying your hardest to help them?
- 7** Are you leaving yourself open to daily tensions that can snowball into disastrous "blow-ups"?

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- The story of a beautiful girl haunted by a ghost—that will help vanquish the ghosts in your life.
- How to deal with pain.
- Something you can do anywhere, anytime—to help stop wrinkles.
- The fantastic value of silence.
- Delicious, natural substitutes for chemical tranquilizers.
- **SPECIAL FOR YOUR CHILD**—Some common-sense advice that can do wonders for his self-confidence at school—plus a tip on how to get him to eat carrots—or any other food *he thinks he hates*.
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- How to feel even better at the end of each working day than you did at the beginning.
- Three things you must never say to your children—but almost everyone does.
- Miraculous water therapy—for sound sleep. It takes 20 seconds. It doesn't disturb your nightly routine.
- Master rules that cover what to eat and what *not* to eat—to keep healthy.
- How one dynamic executive in an "ulcer job" never loses his peace of mind and never gets heartburn.
- How to breathe and stretch—for magic dividends in health and beauty.
- **SPECIAL HELP—FOR THE SERIOUSLY TROUBLED**—if you are one of the lucky people who have learned to live successfully in this modern world, why not share this great gift with a troubled friend or loved one? Introduce him or her to the therapies in this book. (You'll probably find that the counsel you've been meaning to share is strikingly close to the principles in **YOU ARE NOT THE TARGET**.)
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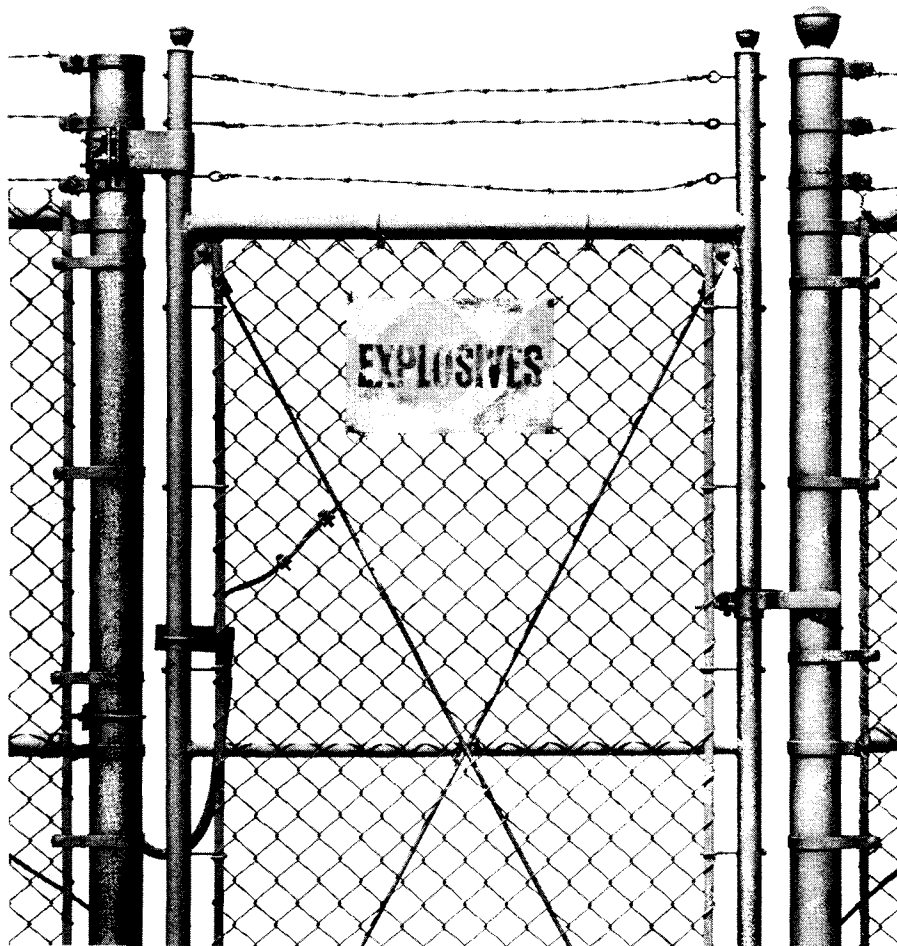
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LETTERS

(Continued from page 234)

had already collected the amount in question. I would not laugh "hysterically and uncontrollably."

Hightstown, N.J.

BRUCE B. DUFFY

Non-Waffler Replies

One hesitates to insist on the brilliance of one's own ideas, especially when so distinguished a scholar as Hugh Kenner disagrees, but I do think Mr. Kenner ["Notes & Asides," Feb. 2] has failed to see my point ["Letters," Dec. 8] and has overstated his own.

Insofar as "hopefully" (my suggested replacement for "hopefully") expresses "a disembodied hope," that hope is no more disembodied than the regret in "regretably," to which word, presumably, Mr. Kenner does not object.

Furthermore, what "hopefully" would properly be used to mean (and what "hopefully" is usually used nowadays to mean) is "it is to be hoped that . . ." (In my original letter, I had paraphrased it as, "I, we, *all men of good will* hope that . . .," which is rather different from Mr. Kenner's "*everyone* hopes that . . .") And though the English equivalent of the gerundive is disembodied, it hardly waffles.

Cambridge, Mass.

BOB TILLIARD

The Culture Gap

There are two questions raised in the January 19 issue of *NR* which perhaps have similar answers.

The first is raised by Gerhart Niemeyer in his discussion of Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle* ["The Eternal Meaning of Solzhenitsyn"]. Niemeyer asks how a Western writer would have dealt with the setting of a special camp for prisoners having technical training. To me, it is obvious that a Western writer would not have dealt with the subject at all. For him to fill an entire research laboratory with human beings interested in philosophy, politics, literature, and religion would be impossible, since scientists and engineers are presumed to be illiterate.

The second question appears in Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s discussion of Anthony Burgess ["On the Right"], wherein Mr. Burgess is quoted as regretting that America will be controlled by nonprotesting, hard-eyed technicians. Mr. Buckley paraphrases Mr. Burgess' point to ask whether people with technical comprehensions are better able to express themselves than those who would appear to be more at home in the "humanities." Of course, the accepted answer is that the man of letters can express virtually anything better than, for example, Neil Armstrong. But there isn't a contemporary poet or sociologist whose description of the moon I would have preferred to the reports of any astronaut.

The First Circle is a monumental novel not only for its profound ironies and

The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

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After all, why should you care if I make \$9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth \$100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at

our mountain "cabin." I paid \$30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging \$25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and an 8-cent stamp. But what if I'm right?

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[Accountant's name available upon request.]

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If I return your material—for any reason—within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

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elemental humanity, but for its view of scientists as educated people and their endeavors as normal human behavior. Mr. Buckley's comments, by contrast, confirm that the warnings of C. P. Snow have not been heeded; but maybe there is hope yet. Until now, the scientists and engineers have made far more progress than the literary intellectuals toward closing the culture gap.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

WILLIAM L. KRAYER

Opus Dei

Though I am a great admirer of Erik v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn, I have to make a few remarks on his article "Spain Today" [Dec. 22].

Mr. Kuehnelt-Leddihn seems to believe that the international association called Opus Dei has been responsible for the Spanish "economic miracle," since he suggests that this association "proposed a plan for a free-market economy that Franco accepted . . ."

Opus Dei never has proposed or can propose an economic, political, or any kind of plan simply because the exclusive aim of this association is helping people to improve their spiritual lives according to the Catholic doctrine.

My acquaintance with quite a number of members of Opus Dei shows me that they act as they please in any area, ideological, political, or economic, with full freedom and responsibility, and, therefore, their acts or opinions do not represent the association.

Madrid

ALVARO YRARRÁZAVAL

TV Honesty

Surely C. H. Simonds' piece about "honesty" in TV ["The Honesty Trap," Feb. 2] is one of the most apt and humorous works of popular criticism I've ever read. I don't know how long it has been since I laughed so hard over criticism (and shared it with my wife). And, of course, what made it rich is that it *earned* its laughs. Despite any comic hyperbole, it is basically true.

Storrs, Conn.

ELLIS B. PAGE

Poland: Not So Happy

I was surprised to read A. T. Jordan's optimistic report on Poland, a country I know well ["Behind the Looking Glass," Nov. 24]. I am convinced that a majority of Poles—especially the workers of Lodz, Gdansk, and Gdynia, who recently rose in rebellion against their Communist exploiters—are not likely to agree with Mr. Jordan.

More shocking, though, was his comparison between the denials of freedoms in totalitarian Poland and the denials of same to "frightened" American politicians. In Poland, Jordan writes, criticism of Russia's Red Army "is banned not only by censorship, but by the more pervasive sense of pride which makes a man reluctant to admit, even to himself, that he is anyone's slave." In America, "no one

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We do, however, wish to attract boys whose parents share our educational philosophy, parents who do not abdicate responsibility to their children either at home or at school. We suspect that many of these parents do read *National Review*.

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dares to criticize Israel for the same reason. What makes the American politician cringe with fear is the power of the electronic media, but he would no sooner admit it than the Pole would being scared of Soviet tanks." To equate fear of talking about the Red Army in occupied Poland with fear of criticizing Israel in unoccupied America is rather indecent.
New York, N.Y. LEON DENNEN

Choice for Teachers

In regard to your editorial "A Choice for Teachers" [Jan. 5], your readers may be interested to know that there exist several organizations of teachers who refuse to play the union game in education. The number of such teachers is not yet large as compared to the membership of the National Education Association or the American Federation of Teachers. But these educators are determined to be heard by the public and by state legislators.

On the West Coast: Professional Educators of Los Angeles (PELA), 16024 Ventura Blvd., Encino, California; and Friends of Education (FOE), P.O. Box 336, Tujunga, California.

On the East Coast: Independent Educators Society (IES), P.O. Box 187, Verona, Pennsylvania.

I believe that all of the above are affiliated with NAPE, the National Association of Professional Educators.

There is a growing number of educators who realize that it has become far too easy to say "give" and that it is time to say "stop." Perhaps like-minded educators could contact me through NATIONAL REVIEW's Editorial Department in order to form PEMA, Professional Educators of the Metropolitan Area.

St. James, N.Y. HERBERT BERRY

Protracted Conflict

If and when James Burnham's "Protracted Conflict" Papers are published in book form, please put me down for a copy of the first printing.

Two U.S. Presidents, over a period of nine years, commanded the world's greatest air power, fire power, naval power, and logistic power; had more than a half-million American troops in the field, and had allies—the South Vietnamese and detachments from the SEATO nations. Both Presidents failed to (indeed tried not to?) defeat a small-time enemy which had little clout in any of the above departments. They have treated shabbily the honor of the United States. They have vitiated the morale of our younger generation.

Mr. Burnham, better than any other journalist I know of, has expressed the shame, the indignity, the humiliation.
San Diego, Calif. JOHN M. ASHLEY

Beckerman . . .

Wilfred Beckerman, in his summary treatment of the first "line of attack" of en-
(Continues on page 277)



In just a few hours, these odd-looking cards with the holes in them can have you playing better than 90% of the bridge players in the U.S. (And if you're only a beginner, you can play real bridge in 15 minutes.)

Play bridge like an expert. It won't cost you hundreds of dollars for lessons, won't take long weeks of study. All it takes is BRIDGEVERYONE. This remarkable new bridge-teaching method **guarantees** you will learn to bid right the **FIRST** time you pick up your **FIRST** hand, dealt to you by BRIDGEVERYONE's Automatic Dealer. At the press of a button, this astounding little machine deals out a choice of 160 pre-programmed hands involving 40 different complete games, over 1,000 bidding situations and 500 play situations. You **must** make each bid correctly, play each card correctly. If not, BRIDGEVERYONE's exclusive Programmed Guide instantly tells you **what** to play and **why**.

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rect offensive and defensive play simultaneously. The **only** system that offers beginners the opportunity to play real bridge with real cards after only 15 minutes. The **only** system that actually works to improve your card-playing memory... which, after all, is the key to success in any card game.

Try it just once...you'll sing its praises as enthusiastically as Charles Goren. What's more you won't risk a single penny. BRIDGEVERYONE must make you more proficient than 90% of the players around—in **just 30 days**—or simply return it for your money back.

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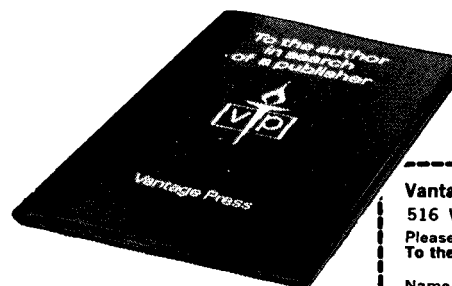
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THE WEEK

■ **Sunshine Patriot, Anno Domini 1973:** In a spirited recent letters exchange in the *N.Y. Post* over whether Madison Square Garden should omit the national anthem at future athletic events (black athletes have been refusing to stand at attention), the only correspondent in favor of God, Flag, and Country, signed his/her letter anonymously.

■ Since the assassination attempt last May, George Wallace has undergone six operations and is still hospitalized recovering from the last one. Recently Alabama publisher Harold Martin became the first to say what many had begun to think: Wallace is no longer capable of fulfilling the duties of governor. Martin, never a friend of the Governor, said that a "group of bickering parasites" was running the state in Wallace's place. Reaction was predictable. Those close to Wallace called the charges hogwash, while his enemies praised Martin for his courage and wondered whether Wallace shouldn't vacate the governorship. Wallace himself has no doubts. He has already met with his campaign workers to discuss his race in 1974.

■ The Penn Central Railroad, the United Transportation Union, and John Kenneth Galbraith—all want to nationalize or subsidize the bankrupt railroads (which is reason enough to be suspicious). Users of rail services will probably join the chorus in favor of shifting exorbitant costs to the taxpayer, rather than facing the reasons for those costs. A Senate staff study of the problems somehow managed to ignore the government's tolerance of union extortion and featherbedding and the Interstate Commerce Commission's role in preventing the railroads from making profitable changes (a point on which even Milton Friedman and Ralph Nader agree). The Council of Economic Advisers' report for 1971 pointed out that the ICC-sponsored railroad cartel has stimulated overinvestment and protected inefficiency. The ICC has forced railroads to maintain unprofitable lines, while prohibiting them from offering lower rates on long hauls—where railroads could compete effectively with trucks. "By frustrating this potential for competition," wrote the CEA, "regulation appears to have promoted high freight rates and numerous inefficiencies, and in the long run to have weakened firms financially."

■ When a Washington TV station prepared a tribute to civil-rights militant Julius Hobson, columnist William Raspberry recommended the show to "Hobson fans—his longtime admirers as well as those who have come to love him [more recently]": "Those few Washington-area strangers to Hobson will get at least glimpses of the fire,

the mental acuity, and above all the quotable outspokenness that have helped make the black activist so special here." The show's "best part," wrote Raspberry, was "Hobson himself, particularly his assessment of the state of the union for black America," to wit: "[There's] a man in the White House who has an urge to kill black folks. I believe Nixon would bury all black people in a common grave if he had the opportunity.' That's Hobsonian hyperbole, of course." Of course.

■ None of the peace movement organizations is giving peace much of a chance. The new causes include 1) amnesty for Army deserters, 2) release of all political prisoners in South Vietnam, and 3) total withdrawal of all U.S. support for the Thieu government. As for Benjamin Spock, he is thoroughly radicalized and intends to work "until I keel over" counteracting the "enormous power the wealthy and industry have over our government." Anybody having an extra horse would be kind to lend it to the good doctor. Abbie Hoffman, however, is out of the "theater of world politics," into a "one-to-one personal policy," and writing a book on sex. Hoffman's former partner, Jerry Rubin, also no longer cares about world politics; instead he cares about jogging, swimming, modern dance, and yoga "in order to live in my body in an ecstatic and free manner."

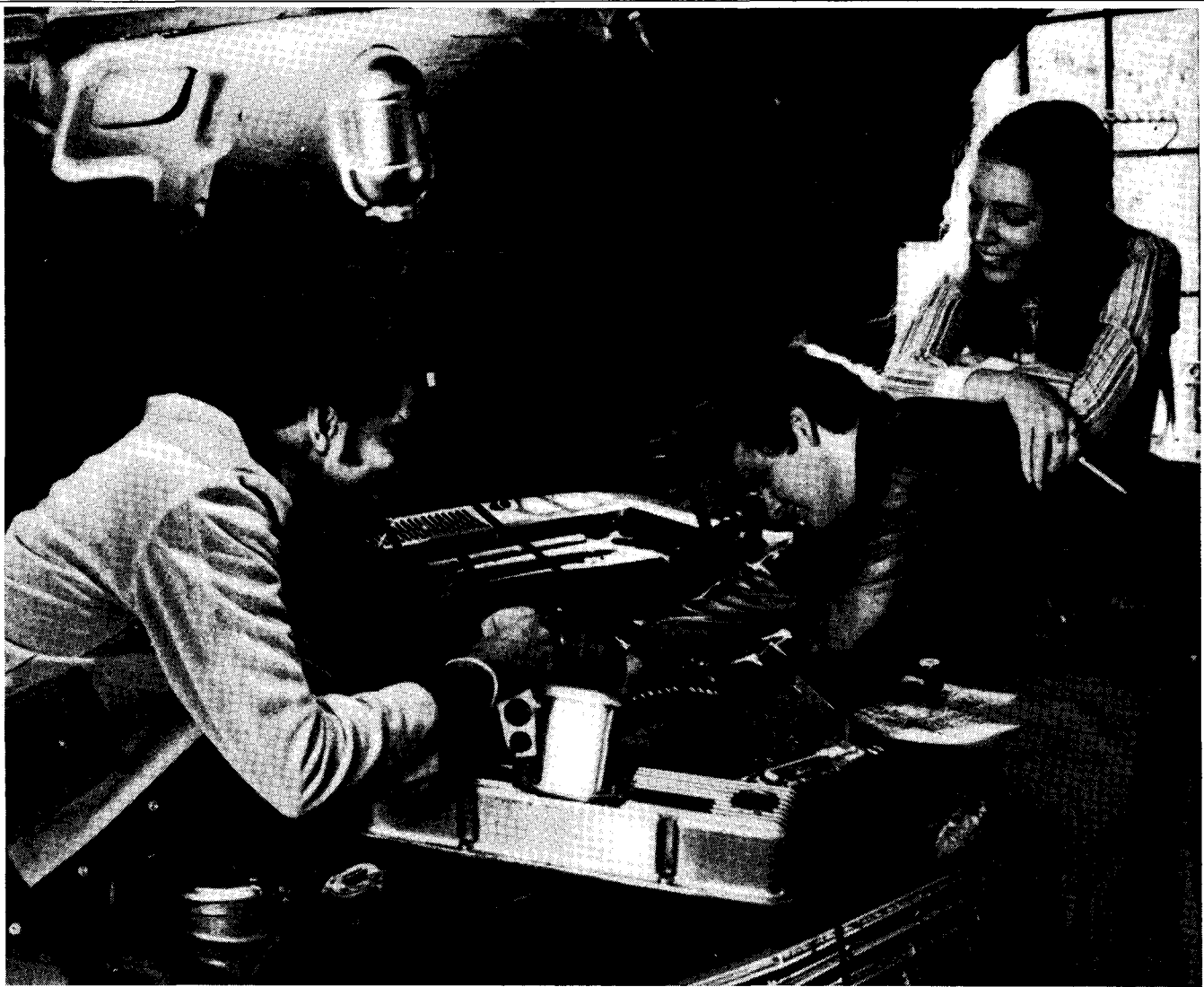
■ Moviegoers who thrilled to *The French Connection* will be interested to know that the case has a new and different conclusion in real life. The narcotics agent who supervised the case ten years ago has just been arrested for selling heroin; the heroin confiscated in the case has been stolen right out of the New York Police Department—\$73-million worth, by far the largest (nonpolitical) theft in history; and Norman A. Gibbs, one of the actors in the movie, got four years in jail for trying to smuggle \$1.5-million worth of cocaine into the country.

■ While rent control is being successfully phased out in New York, a bill to introduce rent control is being seriously considered in New Jersey. Never mind the undisputed fact that wherever controlled rents have been kept below the levels dictated by costs and demand, construction and renovation have virtually stopped and many sound buildings have been abandoned; and those lucky and patient enough to find a rent-controlled apartment can often sublease it at exorbitant rates. All of this is common knowledge among New Yorkers, but news apparently travels slowly across the Hudson River.

Porno Films

Excuse me, but I have to say it.
It's not the ticket. (I can pay it.)
It's not the scenes that cry for cutting.
I'm simply sick of all that rutting.

W. H. VON DREELE



Maybe your son shouldn't go to college.

If he's qualified and motivated, and you can afford it, fine.

But getting him into college is no guarantee that everything will be smooth sailing from then on.

High cost of dropping out

Only about half of those who begin as college freshmen ever get a degree. Some lose interest, others simply fail.

Whatever the reason, it's an expensive way for you to find out that college isn't for your son.

We can help

Let's say your son is bright but not even interested in high school, let alone college. But you both know that a good education is essential to his getting a job where he can do

the thing he does best.

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We offer over 40 different courses, ranging from air conditioning, automotive mechanics and data processing to fashion merchandising, secretarial sciences, hotel and motor inn management,

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Each year, over 30,000 young men and women are trained by our business and technical schools. Many go on to a lasting, personally rewarding career.

Because we've helped them learn to do well the thing they like best.

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SERVING PEOPLE AND NATIONS EVERYWHERE

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The World's Most Experienced Airline and America's most intriguing politician have joined forces and set Washington to wondering about the politician's judgment and his long-term intentions. John Connally's election to the board of directors of Pan Am will net him \$3,500 a year, which is Texas peanuts. In return Pan Am gets the services of a man who knows the federal establishment, which will soon make a number of decisions with potential multimillion-dollar consequences for Pan Am and its competitors. The Civil Aeronautics Board will rule on, and then Mr. Connally's friend on Pennsylvania Avenue will review, a slew of international route cases that will determine whether Pan Am can provide direct international service from inland American cities.

Connally watchers believe he is mistaken if he thinks the 1976 GOP nomination will fall into his lap. He will have to hustle for it, and his first task will be to become a Republican before the 1974 elections—in time to join the gaggle of other presidential hopefuls campaigning for GOP candidates. If Connally is going to do this, he probably won't take a government job, like Secretary of State, which would cramp his style. But that seems to be the only job that would suit him. So will he campaign as a public-spirited businessman? Connally has been busy plugging himself in with big business. Obviously he wants to make money fist over glove; equally obviously, he sees nothing improper about merchandising his contacts in government, including his friendship with the President. Making money from the government is the American way, as he understands it. But some Republicans are nervous about Connally's complete disregard for the dangers inherent in the image of a Texas wheeler-dealer. This image will become more conspicuous if the Administration makes decisions unsatisfactory to Pan Am's competitors.

■ Poor Roy Ash, whose appointment as head of the Office of Management and Budget has stirred up a storm of protest, may not be as poor as he ought to be, according to Congressman Les Aspin (D., Wis.). Ash's appointment has been criticized because the OMB inevitably will be involved in settling the multimillion-dollar cost-overrun disputes between Litton Industries and the Navy, and Ash is a former president of Litton. Now Aspin has asked the Securities and Exchange Commission to investigate Ash's 1970 sale of 86,797 shares of common stock in Litton. Aspin's letter to the SEC asks: "Did Mr. Ash withhold any information from the public or the stockholders concerning the shipbuilding division at the same time he knew there was trouble and was selling off millions of dollars of stock?" What bothers Aspin is that when Ash sold, "evidence was already available privately but not publicly that Litton's LHA (landing helicopter assault) shipbuilding program was in deep trouble." Aspin says: "Mr. Ash's massive unloading of stock, developing problems in shipbuilding programs, and Litton's failure to mention them in either its quarterly reports to the SEC or its annual reports to stockholders raise questions which should be investigated."

Aspin insists "no one is accusing Mr. Ash of inside dealings," but Mr. Ash, understandably enough, thinks Aspin's letter is, if not an accusation, "rash speculation" that has "no basis in fact." Ash netted \$2.7 million from the stock sale. The price of the stock now is well below what it was at the time of the sale, but in 1971 the price rose to a level well above what it was when Ash sold. According to Aspin, during the time Ash was selling, the Navy told Litton it might cancel four of nine ships ordered. The Navy eventually did cancel them. As a businessman Ash may or may not have been the soul of propriety, but as head of the OMB he is tough as nails. His tenacity when confronting Senator Edmund Muskie (D.,

Maine) in hearings provoked Muskie to demonstrate for the television camera the temper that on several occasions in his Senate career has caused him to become so violent that he has had to be restrained from physically attacking colleagues.

■ Rep. Wilbur Mills (D., Ark.), Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, has rounded up nearly 260 co-sponsors for a bill that would deny trade concessions, including "most favored nation" status, to the Soviet Union until it dismantles the emigration restrictions currently being used against Jews who want to go to Israel. The Mills bill is identical to one submitted to the Senate by Henry Jackson (D., Wash.). Some moderate Democrats find in the Jackson-Mills collaboration evidence of new vigor in the anti-McGovern wing of the party. Other observers, noting that Mills's passion for human liberty rarely surfaces during the civil-rights fights affecting blacks in Arkansas, detect evidence that Mills, like Jackson, already has his gaze set on 1976.

■ Sportin' Life: Congress, waist-deep in reordered priorities, and fighting an uphill battle against the President's initiatives, has buckled down to the task of refereeing professional football and basketball. A House subcommittee is concerning legislation to force pro football to drop its policy of blacking out home-city TV coverage of sold-out games. The subcommittee also is in a lather about the practice of requiring season-ticket holders to purchase tickets to pre-season exhibition games. Meanwhile, on the other side of the Capitol, the World's Greatest Deliberative Body is about to receive from Senator Birch Bayh (D., Ind.) a bill that will protect the interests of the American Basketball Association in a merger with the older, stronger National Basketball Association. Bayh is up in 1974. The Indiana Pacers are in the ABA.

—CATO

■ Seen at the Pentagon, shopping for a slightly used B-52: Gloria Steinem and Betty Friedan. Seems the men of Liechtenstein have done it again: voted 2,128 to 1,675 (a much wider margin than two years ago) to deny women the vote. And the hell of it is, they don't export a single thing we could boycott.

■ Right now the outlook in the upcoming French elections is grim for the Gaullists. After rallying briefly in

January, they have slipped back down in the polls: As of February 12, they had 35 per cent of the popular vote; the Communist-Socialist Popular Front had 47 per cent; and Servan-Schreiber's center coalition had 17 per cent. If the Left does win a clear majority, President Pompidou will have to choose one of several unsatisfactory alternatives. He could appoint a leftist premier (something he has hinted he will not do), but continue to exercise the great power of the presidency; he could

A good buy before we say goodbye to current rates!

Memo to: everyone who is interested in Ireland and its problems

Re: how you can save \$4.00 on a fine book, "The Irish"

To judge from our mailbag, many of our readers are concerned about all the bloodshed in Ulster, and while everyone agrees that the situation is deplorable, each letter seems to offer a different solution! In fact, the only thing that everyone is unanimous about is the really dire need for accurate information not only about the current crisis in Ireland, but about the Irish people in general.

Everything is further complicated by this well-known fact: there are just not that many good books about Ireland available -- sure, there are the usual cliches, but what are the Irish really like and how do they really think? (As a matter of fact, an Irish friend claims that "there is no such thing as a decent history of Ireland -- let alone an unprejudiced one!".) Well, we have found a good one, and we're making it available to NR readers for less than half price!

The straightforward title is "The Irish," and while author Richard O'Connor wastes a few words, he doesn't skip over much either. This big (just under 400 pages and -- mirabile dictu -- fully indexed, so you can go back and find the parts you'll want to quote) book contains an enormous amount of information, opinion, fact, anecdote -- not to mention some of the funniest stories you've heard in a long time. Many will want to begin with the last few chapters, as they will tell you most about the current situation -- but it is that kind of book, one that you can pick up and go through as you please. Some samples:

● "...a Dubliner told me, 'Out of Ireland's three millions we have 500,000 clergymen, several hundred thousand IRA men, and the rest are all politicians.'"

● "What, then, is so precious about this Irishness the Irish are bent on preserving? Or is it precious at all? You could no more ask that question in Ireland and expect a mild answer than you could ask an Israeli what is so valuable about Jewishness."

● "Never agree with an Irishman when he is criticizing himself; he can do a far better job on his own and resents any footnotes to his self-destructive soliloquies."

But I haven't room to tell it all (although I can't resist mentioning one of the quoted malaprops of Sir Boyle Roach, who once said: "Why should we [put] ourselves out for posterity? What has posterity done for us?" -- his hilarious sayings alone would make this book a treasure. The point is, if Ireland is your thing, you've got to have this book. You can get it now for just \$3.95 postpaid (retail value: \$7.95 -- you save \$4.00) along with your new or renewal subscription to National Review. I must add that time is of the essence! The book supply is limited, but, in addition to your savings on the book, you'll also be able to beat the coming NR price increase if you act right away! Just use the card opposite this page. (If you're not interested in Ireland yourself, please pass this card on to a friend. Many thanks!)





Audley, *London Sunday Telegraph*

Ben Roth Agency

"On the debit side, there'll be no call for Miss Fonda to come and see us again."

retain a Gaullist premier, risking 1968-style violence; he could call a new election; he could resign.

■ Uruguay, South America's littlest country beset by some of its biggest problems—inflation spiraled 94.5 per cent last year—is now virtually under military rule. When President Juan M. Bordaberry took office last March, he pledged all-out war on the marauding Tupamaros and granted the army and air force special powers to wage it. With the guerrillas crushed, the military launched a new war, this time against government corruption. Last week, faced with armed confrontation, Bordaberry bowed to the demands of his rebellious armed forces, dispatched his minister of defense—the fourth defense minister in as many months—accepted the resignation of his cabinet, and signed an uneasy pact with his victors promising further reforms. The coupless coup has been accomplished.

■ Chileans go to the polls March 4 to fill all 150 seats in the Chamber of Deputies and half of the fifty in the Senate. Never in Chilean history have the political lines been so clearly drawn or the candidates and parties so clearly defined: Salvador Allende's Unidad Popular candidates (Communists, Socialists, Marxists) on the one hand, and the anti-Allende Democratic Coalition candi-

dates (Nationals, Christian Democrats, Democrat Radicals, Left Radicals) on the other. Allende's sights are understandably lower than the Opposition's—not many governments have run with a 160 per cent inflation track record; he will, he says, be satisfied if 40 per cent of the vote goes to his UP. The Democratic Coalition expects at least 60 per cent; most observers anticipate more. And yet, despite all the sloganeering and posters and speeches, the period before the election seems, for Chile, to be curiously subdued. The Chilean middle class simply does not believe that Allende will abide by the electoral choice. In the light of Allende's latest threat that "anyone who seeks to subvert the workers' government will be smashed by the government and the people," their fears seem justified. Secondly, the presence of General Prats and three other military men in Allende's cabinet, which at first assuaged Allende's opponents, is making them increasingly nervous. The Chilean army has historically remained nonpolitical, but so, after all, had the Uruguayan military . . . until last week.

■ It'll be a cold day in . . . well, someplace. Conservationists have gotten a circuit court of appeals to block the building of trans-Alaskan pipelines to carry the large reserves of oil and natural gas from Alaska's North Slope. Meanwhile, New Yorkers have been forced to heat their homes with high-sulphur fuel (which pollutes the air) and ship in foreign crude oil (which spills in the ocean). We're even considering going all the way to Russia for liquefied natural gas—enormously expensive, and not the most reliable source. A modest proposal: let's conserve fuel by shutting off heat in the homes of members of the Wilderness Society and Friends of the Earth. That way they'll be able to commune more directly with nature's winter wonderland.

■ Gracious, yes! There's Dutch Elm disease in Rockford; Charleston is having terrible snow-removal problems; the Yates Hotel in Syracuse has been torn down; pipes have been known to freeze in Fairbanks; the beaches in Minneapolis are somewhat crowded; a cop in Vincennes was picked up for drunken driving; and out in Azusa those Grogan kids are swiping hubcaps again. No doubt about it, John Lindsay was right as rain when, asked whether prospective visitors to the city's new convention center could be expected to overlook New York's many problems (*human* problems—hookers, pimps, catamites, junkies, muggers, pickpockets), he replied: "The problems in every other American city are far worse—far worse."

■ Marlon Brando didn't show up to accept a Golden Globe award for his performance in *The Godfather*. Instead he sent a telegram, which we reproduce in full, and in the original argot: "There is a singular lack of honor in this country today what with the government's change of its citizens into objects of use, its imperialism

and warlike intrusion into foreign countries and the killing not only of their inhabitants but also indirectly of our own people, its treatment of the Indians and the blacks, the assault on the press and the rape of the ideals which were the foundations of this country. I respectfully ask you to understand that to accept an honor, however well intended, is to subtract from the meager amount left. Therefore, to simplify things, I hereby decline any nomination and deny anyone representing me." Brando, whose keen sense of honor requires him to keep his trousers on while simulating intercourse, masturbation, and sodomy, may also refuse an Oscar next month. Meanwhile, his artistic innovations have been left in the dust by Abbie Hoffman, whose new film will feature his own vasectomy.

■ "BUTTON YOUR LIP—THE ENEMY IS LISTENING," proclaimed posters all over America during the Great Patriotic War against Fascism. Now the Russians are catching up. Seems too many Russian soldiers are getting drunk and blabbing secrets; sending home pictures of themselves with secret installations in the background, that sort of thing. The Ministry of Defense reminds the troops that "imperialists now use radio, electronic computers, and space apparatus" to spy on the Motherland—just like the KGB. So the slogan of the day, and pleasantly ambiguous it is, reads: "DON'T GOSSIP, THE ENEMY OVERHEARS!"

We Are Profoundly Grateful . . .

It was a picture that could not have pleased Hanoi, Tom Hayden, and Susan Sontag. Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines. The gangplank down. Captain Jeremiah A. Denton of the Navy, ranking officer aboard the first POW plane out of Hanoi, stepped down, alone. A crisp salute to the flag. A crisp salute to the welcoming committee of officers. The first words, after eight years of captivity: "We are honored to have the opportunity to serve our country under difficult circumstances. We are profoundly grateful to our commander in chief and to our nation this day. God bless America." The voice not shaking exactly, but pitched a tone higher than normal. Controlled, but just. The handshake with the Admiral, the other officers, a salute to the Honor Guard . . .

Watched by a nation, in this at least united: united in its welcome to the men who fought and suffered. But in the general euphoria, let other things not be forgotten.

These things. The cruelty of the enemy that had kept some of these men in prison for years but never reported the one fact that mattered—that they were alive—a cruelty uncalled for by any strategic consideration, barbaric.

That they were badly treated. The annual Department of Defense reports on the POWs of last August

listed these known violations of the Geneva Convention on the treatment of prisoners of war:

No neutral inspection of the prison camps had been allowed; names of prisoners were released haphazardly, for propaganda purposes, and not through the approved Red Cross channels. Hanoi had not furnished information on the deaths of prisoners and places of burial, on location of prison camps. There was no evacuation of seriously sick and wounded prisoners to neutral countries. Prisoners were not allowed to send home two letters or four postcards a month. The handful released over the years had suffered from malnutrition, been kept in solitary, otherwise brutalized and abused. There are more horror stories to come, but they will be held prudentially lest Hanoi take it out on some Americans whose names have not yet appeared on the POW lists.

And every new report from Hanoi must be scrutinized and approved before we write off this or that soldier, sailor, or airman as gone for good.

An example: A fortnight ago Hanoi released the names of 55 prisoners of war who had died in prison camps. One of the names, that of Sgt. Harold G. Bennett, caught the eye of Charles Wiley of the National Committee for Responsible Patriotism, who went back to his files and discovered that three of the men on the list of prisoners who had "died" in the camps—Bennett, Sgt. Kenneth M. Roraback, and Captain Humbert R. Versace—had, in fact, been executed by the Communists, Bennett first, then Roraback and Versace three months later, in retaliation for the South Vietnamese execution of a number of Vietcong guerrillas. This was announced by Radio Hanoi at the time of the executions in 1965.

How about the others on that list of 55, and other lists yet to come? Let's be hawkish about getting back our men.

What's Wrong with the Dollar ?

Blaming the dollar for our foreign trade troubles—such as they are, and they aren't all that terrible—and trying to cure those troubles by jiggering the dollar's exchange rate is rather like blaming the mercury in the thermometer for a cold wave and trying to improve the weather by changing the numbers on the dial. A currency is not the substance but the generalized symptom of the state of the economy, reflecting the ups and downs, currents and crosscurrents of the economic process. A squall or two on the international currency market may sometimes be no more than a speculative guerrilla raid, but when the squalls fuse into a big storm, this is a sure sign of more fundamental economic dislocation.

The President tells us that an overpriced dollar on the international exchanges was "unfair" and that the new devaluation, together with the moves to follow, will

assure us “fairer shakes” in world trade. The essence of the coming moves was indicated when, in referring to “the new approach to trade legislation,” he added: “We are not talking about just another round of lowering tariff barriers.” That is, we *are* talking about higher tariffs and other protectionist measures against foreign products that have been selling successfully on the U.S. domestic market. Neither the suggested analysis nor the proposed solution is convincing, and we must hope that, as so often, Mr. Nixon’s public stand is dictated primarily by what he judges to be political requirements of the moment.

It is true that for the first time in a century we are running a sizable foreign trade deficit. But it is a fantasy to suppose that an “unfair” exchange rate for the dollar has much importance in bringing this about. In part the shift to a trade deficit is the normal concomitant of becoming the major—the imperial—global economic power, as the precedents of Carthage, Athens, Rome, and imperial Britain can remind us. Changes in what might be called the quality of U.S. production are more particularly involved. For a century U.S. industry combined rising wage rates at levels above, in most cases far above, those in the rest of the world with a positive trade balance by maintaining a higher, in many fields much higher, productivity level. We worked harder and more efficiently, organized production better, and applied technology more quickly and effectively. And we had less overhead from parasitic government bureaucracy. By these straightforward means we managed to compete successfully with the industries even of those countries where wages were much lower. And we competed successfully whatever was happening on the exchange markets. This was the American Economic Miracle. Today all of these foundations of our industrial superiority are eroded. Germans and Japanese and not a few others are working harder, and with more discipline, than we are. Other nations are exploiting the latest technology, and adopting advanced managerial methods. We have saddled our economy with the crippling burden of a swollen, overpaid, largely inefficient welfarist and interventionist apparatus. And, to complete the accounting, in our fiscal and monetary policy we too often use counterproductive and inflationary gadgetry in an effort to patch over the rips and tears in the underlying economic structure.

Given that turnaround, the dollar was bound to weaken against the currencies of the most dynamic nations, and ultimately to be devalued. And, after one devaluation is digested, was bound to resume its weakening and head toward another devaluation (even after “the most significant monetary agreement in the history of the world,” as Mr. Nixon termed the Smithsonian devaluation accord only 14 months ago), so long as the underlying economic relationships are unaltered. Nor will high tariffs help more than superficially and temporarily. By handicapping some of the foreign com-

petition on the domestic market (for a time), the protectionist measures will only encourage the inflationary drive that is in part responsible for the dollar’s sorrows, and thus in the long run will further weaken the dollar internationally. Unless, that is, the President or his successor is prepared to carry his statist control of the economy all the way to protofascist autarchy. And even that could not save the dollar outside the autarchic Wall.

Rehabilitation

I. Ah, the sweet pleasure of it all, the palpable luxuriousness (both moral and physical), the long-delayed vindication all the more delicious now that it had arrived at last. “The ‘old China hands’ of the United States diplomatic corps, whose reports [sic] on the rise of Chinese Communism in the 1940s brought them under fire years later, were the guests of honor today at an emotional luncheon at the State Department. . . . John Stewart Service, who was dismissed as a security risk during the McCarthy era, murmured ‘Thank you, thank you,’ when 250 fellow diplomats gave him a standing ovation under the chandeliers of the Department’s grandest reception hall. The luncheon was held by the American Foreign Service Association. . . .” (*New York Times*, Jan. 31). John Stewart Service, O. Edmund Clubb, and others were on hand; John Paton Davies, who had been invited, lives in Spain, and did not attend. Historian Barbara Tuchman pointed the moral and adorned the tale: “For having been right many of them were persecuted, dismissed, or slowed or blocked in their careers.” And she offered a new gloss for those “reports” that were filed back in the 1940s: The “burden of their reports at the time, taken as a whole, was that Chiang Kai-shek was on the way out and the Communists on the way in. This was not subversion as our red-hunters later claimed, but merely observation.”

Really? That view represents a considerable bowdlerization when you return to the texts of the reports; though, to be sure, Mrs. Tuchman’s phrase “taken as a whole” represents a skillful equivocation, and prepares her escape, if necessary, from the embarrassing details. No, even “taken as a whole,” the reports say something rather more complicated than her gloss suggests, viz.: a) that the Communists are gaining strength vis-a-vis the Kuomintang, b) that this is a good thing, and c) that the United States should exert itself to accelerate the process.

John Paton Davies, for example, recommended that we have “no qualms in ultimately abandoning [Chiang] in favor of the progressive—Communist—forces in China,” and described the Communists as “the most coherent, progressive, and powerful force in China.” Now in these sentences the words “coherent” and “powerful” might fairly be described as “merely observation” (Tuchman). The word “progressive” is hortatory and evalua-



"This is the last time I invite a knee-jerk liberal, a bleeding-heart liberal, a pointy-headed liberal, and a radical liberal to the same party!"

tive. Davies advised Harry Hopkins that we should "avoid finding ourselves at the close of the war backing a coalition of Chiang's Kuomintang and the degenerate puppets against a democratic coalition commanding Russian sympathy." In the reports of both Davies and Service, the Chinese Communists were hardly Communists at all. Their policy entailed the "abandonment of any purely Communist program" and did not envision "collectivization of farms because the political education of the peasants has not yet overcome their primitive individualistic desire [sic] to till their own land." The Communists aimed at socialism only through a "long and orderly process of democracy," and they would institute "multiparty participation in politics." Davies praised their "liberal economic policies" based on "private property," and their "real desire for democracy" in China. "For having been right," eh, Mrs. Tuchman?

John Stewart Service "reported" the same sort of thing, painful though the reading may be today. According to this objective reporter, the Communists had "not tried to eliminate such groups as the landlords and native capitalists, and they realize that their own advancement and the interests of the country are best served by the cooperation of all groups based on reasonable protection of the interests of all those groups." Like Davies, Service hammered away with policy recommendations: "Any new government under any other than the present reactionary control will be more cooperative [sic] and better able to mobilize the country."

Taken "as a whole" the reports of the "old China hands" paint a picture of a kind of Manichean struggle. On the one side is progressive, democratic China, the land of happy peasants, small landholders, and flourishing small capitalists. Its leaders are warm and open men, eager to cooperate in the future with all parties, eager to compromise with the Kuomintang, simple in their manners, simple in their dress, gentle and wise. On the other hand are the reactionaries, the aristocrats, the war

lords, and the mandarins, corrupt, deceitful, surrounded by lacquered women, reeking of the past and of feudalism. Democrats versus Fascists.

Now in the decades that have passed since the early 1940s, the various "old China hands" have developed in different ways, as one might expect. Today, for example, John Paton Davies is certainly not the naïf of those early dispatches, agog over nature's noblemen in Yen-an. On the other hand, men like Owen Lattimore and O. Edmund Clubb have remained rigid ideologues, as Stalinoid as they were thirty years ago. It is a mixed bag. But the realities should not be forgotten.

II. Believe it or not, rehabilitation time may be approaching for . . . the Rosenbergs. True enough, it is a little hard to maintain that they were *innocent*, exactly: the case went through 23 appeals and was reviewed by 112 judges, including the Supreme Court. Still, an effort is being mounted, and, for the connoisseur, it has a certain sporting interest. After all, how do you rehabilitate an atomic spy when you can't make out a case for innocence? Well, E. L. Doctorow tried hard in his best-selling novel *The Book of Daniel*, which obfuscates the entire question of their guilt and focuses on its task of sentimentalizing the couple. Now Louis Nizer steps forward with a double-barreled offering: the screenplay of a movie about the Rosenbergs, plus a hefty book on the case. In the book Nizer asks not exactly whether they were guilty, but whether the *evidence* warranted a guilty verdict; and, having raised the question, he ends, more or less, by leaving it up to the reader to decide. And reviewing Nizer for the *Sunday Times*, one Robert Coover suggests that the FBI cooked up a phony case, and that the trial was "a satire on Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence." We don't know whether this rehabilitation can actually be pulled off. But even if it can be you won't be seeing them on the campus lecture circuit.

The Abortion Front: End of the "Phony War"

I. Senator James Buckley will soon introduce a constitutional amendment to roll back the Supreme Court's pro-abortion ruling. (Rep. Lawrence J. Hogan [R., Md.] has already introduced one in the House.) "The Supreme Court," says Senator Buckley, "has overturned not only a long line of legal precedent in this country, but more than two thousand years of humane wisdom." He notes that the decision is based on a "right" that can be exercised only by destroying another's life. "If we find the taking of human life acceptable for purposes of social convenience under some circumstances, are we not going to pave the ground for the taking of human life under other circumstances in order to meet other objectives of social convenience? . . . [This issue] goes to the heart of the understanding of what is known as

the sanctity of life. I think that this is that which had distinguished Western civilization and that which must continue to distinguish it." (*Time*, ironically, underscored his point by noting approvingly that Soviet bloc countries have had "permissive" and "liberal" abortion laws from the start, allowing abortion "for social as well as medical reasons.")

II. The National Conference of Catholic Bishops has now denounced the Court's decision, urged Catholics to disobey "any civil law that may require abortion," and pronounced excommunication on any Catholics who "undergo or perform an abortion." It furthermore urged Catholics to try to dissuade women from having abortions, and to work to find legal means of overriding the decision, warning that all this would require "unified and persistent efforts."

III. In 1971, 480,000 legal abortions were performed in the United States. Before the Court ruled.

Crow Soufflé

They can cook it any way they like, they can bake it, broil it, or make it into a ragout, but whatever they do Messrs. Wicker, Reston, Lewis, Kraft, Braden, Rather, Severeid, Brinkley, Kalb, Collingwood, and assorted editorialists are going to look pretty funny with all those black feathers sticking out of their mouths; for Senator Barry Goldwater (read: the White House) has been circulating a "White Paper" on Vietnam, consisting of choice quotes from the above gentlemen and others, over the past months.

Tom Wicker leads off. For example: "The answer can only be that he has no plan to end the war, much less win the peace, that Vietnamization by itself is not and cannot be such a plan . . ." (May 3, 1970). "Why *should* bombing a people make them want to deal in good faith?" (Dec. 26, 1972), and so on. Then a series from James Reston: The bombing "is war by tantrum, and it is worse than the Cambodian and Laotian invasions" (Dec. 27, 1972). And Anthony Lewis, as usual, sounds the deepest notes: Nixon and Kissinger "have no options except more of the destruction that everyone knows is morally outrageous and politically useless" (April 10, 1972). None of these gentlemen, so far, has bothered to speculate on the precise place of the bombing in the equation which, with the ink scarcely dry on their comments, produced the ceasefire.

Then on to the liberal editorials: "He has conducted a bombing policy so ruthless and so difficult to fathom politically as to cause millions of Americans to cringe in shame and to wonder at their President's very sanity" (*Washington Post*, Jan. 7, 1973). That reads a little funny in the wake of the Paris agreement. Those millions can now stop cringing and wondering.

And, heh-heh, some choice quotes from the *New*

York Times have been preserved as if in amber: "The American bombs falling on . . . North Vietnam . . . have dimmed the prospects not only for peace in Indochina but for the wider detente for which all mankind has prayed" (Dec. 30, 1972, repeat 72). Tough luck on the prognostications, boys. But does the sudden interest in prayer here signal a *Times* reversal on the prayer-in-the-schools question? If all mankind was really praying for the detente, why cut out P.S. 8?

St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "Over and over again Mr. Nixon has tried to bomb Hanoi into submission. It has not worked before and it will not work today" (Dec. 19, 1972). Ah, sweet certainty.

Eric Severeid was consistently up-beat, often calling upon his reserves of military expertise: "It is no longer a question of repelling the Hanoi general offensive, but of holding it. On present evidence, there is no prospect of driving them out of the provinces they have taken" (May 4, 1972). "The bad news in the next few days could be the fall of Kontum, rated as probable here, and the fall of Hué, rated only as possible" (May 17, 1972). If you depend on Severeid's analyses, you live in a state of constant surprise.

Here's another spread: "Certainly the Moscow summit meeting, from which so much had been expected, is now in jeopardy" (Charles Collingwood). "One casualty of the President's mining and blockade may well be his upcoming summit to Moscow" (Marvin Kalb). "I would suspect that the summit will not come off" (Eric Severeid). "The summit is in jeopardy today" (John Chancellor). They all get the Lead Crystal Ball Award.

The rhetoric in the Senate shared in the general bemusement. On the mining of Haiphong: "What we are witnessing is not a shortening of the war, but rather a lengthening of it" (Mike Mansfield). "Armageddon may be only hours away" (Vance Hartke). "It is fraught with danger and will not contribute to the settlement of the war" (Hubert Humphrey). It is "a senseless act of military desperation by a President incapable of finding the road to peace" (Teddy Kennedy), and so on.

And how about: "If we continue under the Nixon policy, we're not going to see our POWs again" (George McGovern)? Good old George.

Irish Stew

William Whitelaw's strategy for Northern Ireland—stiff measures against the IRA, combined with reforms designed to soothe less militant Catholics—had seemed last fall to be doing quite well. Catholics grew disenchanted with the IRA, not only in the North but even in the Republic of Ireland, where Prime Minister Jack Lynch was able to get an anti-IRA bill through the parliament. Some Protestant violence did occur, but it was kept fairly well under control.

However, with the announcement of the forthcoming

British White Paper, expected to make various concessions to the Catholics, Protestant violence (and IRA reprisals) increased. Whitelaw decided, at the beginning of February, to arrest two suspected Protestant guerrillas under the Detention of Terrorists Act, which up to that point had been used only against the IRA. This provoked a general strike by Protestants, which, since it coincided with a funeral for three IRA men, led to more gun battles, bombings, and attacks on British soldiers—25 people were killed in the first ten days of February.

The White Paper is yet to be released, but doubt exists that even the most impartial proposal can work under current circumstances. Much may depend on which of the different interests operating on both sides get the upper hand. The majority of the people—like the majority of people everywhere—are mostly concerned with their own position. Many Catholics do not care passionately what country they belong to so long as certain rights are gained. Protestants are wary lest Catholic gains be made at their expense, and know that no matter how well they might be treated by a unified Ireland, they would necessarily lose their status as a ruling majority. But then there are also, on the Catholic side, the militant nationalists, whose major concern is the reunification of Ireland, and, overlapping with them, old-fashioned Marxists and modern New Leftists. On the Protestant side, there are still adamant Unionists, but there is also a growing number who want Northern Ireland to be a separate country controlled by neither Dublin nor London; if they thought they were strong enough, they might try to throw out the British army and re-establish Stormont.

What Heath and Whitelaw have been hoping is that, if they can cool down the passions and redress some of the Catholics' grievances, while assuring the Protestants that Ireland will not be reunified without a plebiscite, enough time may be gained to bring about a real change in attitudes. Jack Lynch, meanwhile, has been subtly pushing, not for "Unification Now," but for keeping open the possibility of an eventual reunification. To this end: his jailing of IRA members, and also the Decem-

ber referendum to delete from the constitution the clause giving the Roman Catholic Church a "special position" in Ireland.

The reaction when the White Paper is released will indicate whether Whitelaw and Heath will get the respite they, and many of the Irish, want.

David Lawrence, RIP

It was as a Buffalo high-school boy, in the first decade of the century, that David Lawrence began the career in journalism that did not end until February 11, 1973. Within those seventy years, among other ventures, he founded, nurtured, and presided over *U.S. News & World Report*; and though he no longer owned it at his death (he had sold it to his employees), it still reflected his belief in diligent, resourceful, scrupulously objective reporting. His own prose, in his columns and elsewhere, was never modish; he would have agreed with Samuel Johnson that mankind needs more to be reminded than instructed, and he modestly but firmly insisted on reminding his readers of those obvious verities that so much contemporary commentary is given to evading. He never lost his skepticism of big government nor his devotion to republican freedom. Happily, he lived to rejoice, in one of his last columns, that America had attained peace with honor in Vietnam. He loved peace, and he loved honor, and he loved America.

Notes



Asides

The Undiscriminating

The Nixon-haters' primal juice
Flows like the sinus of a moose.
It oozes over nose and lip
Whenever Nixon makes a slip
(Or *doesn't* make a slip, and that's
The reason I'm convinced they're bats).
They're bats, you see, because they can't
Discriminate—but merely rant.
No matter what the man proposes,
The mucus oozes down their noses.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

While Henry Kissinger sat in front of the TV camera the other night, three of your books were visible on his bookshelf: *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?*, *Cruising Speed*, and *Odyssey of a Friend*. Perhaps the Republic is in good hands after all. Cordially,

Paul S. Horuzy
Ogdensburg, N.J.

Dear Mr. Horuzy: Think how well off we'd be if he had six of my books on his shelf! Cordially, —WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Reports or rumors if you choose, have come to me that you have financial interests in Amorphia, Inc., the manufacturer of Acapulco Gold cigarette paper, expressly made for illegal marijuana cigarettes. I hope most sincerely that this rumor-report is utterly in error and I ask you to tell me that it is.

It is perfectly possible that you may feel insulted that such a question is put to you. But the problem is one of the greatest in consequence. A recent issue of the *Roanoke Times* had an article by James Reston in which he said the President should lead us in civility. I disagree with his premise. Each individual man and woman should take care of his own civility and grace. If a malicious report is being spread about you—it is your responsibility to kill it at once. It troubles me for I remember during the campaign reading that you are “making an alliance” with Allard Lowenstein and no man or woman in their right sense could call Lowenstein a dedicated constitutional American. I request an answer to this letter. Thank you. Sincerely,

Mary T. Kearfott
Hotel Patrick Henry
Roanoke, Va.

Dear Mrs. Kearfott: It happens that Allard Lowenstein is a fine human being, and a very devoted American, however mixed up. But don't worry—I shall not let him have any of my stock in Amorphia, Inc. The proceeds from AI (around here that's what we call it, pronounced aye-eye) are invested in innocent-sounding enterprises. Bet you don't know who owns your hotel. Uh huh. Shh! Sincerely,
—WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

As you may be aware, you finished in third place in balloting for a commencement speaker this June among Holy Cross College seniors, with Father Daniel Berrigan coming in first and accepting the invitation to speak.

All of which led Art Buchwald, who placed second, to sound off as per the attached clipping from the front page of today's *Worcester Telegram*.

I hope this finds you taking the bitter news as well as Mr. Buchwald. Sincerely yours,

Wesley J. Christenson
Director of Public Affairs
College of the Holy Cross
Worcester, Mass.

“Dear Mr. Christenson:

“I just received your press release concerning your choice of a commencement speaker. I am sure that if Buckley had not been in the contest, I could have beaten Dan Berrigan. Buckley knew he could not win, but he also knew he could ruin my chances. [Russell] Baker never wins, but is known among commencement speakers as ‘The Spoiler.’

“I have sent a telegram conceding the election to Father Berrigan. I am not bitter and if I had to do it all over again, I would run the same campaign. Sincerely,
Art Buchwald”

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am happy to announce that through the action of my chapter of Young Americans for Freedom, Fordham

University has become the first private university in the country to institute a scholarship for a child of an American POW.

We feel that this being a first in the news area you might be interested in taking note of it in *NR*. Thank you,

Charles Ferrigno
Chairman, YAF
Fordham U. at Rose Hill
Bronx, N.Y. 10458

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My wife and I are 58, WASPs, etc.

Have 3 sons, 29-26.

We read your column regularly, and see you on TV. I'm a Lutheran pastor and my wife (Baptist) is smarter than I.

Your line is SHIT.

Love and peace,
M & M J. M. Ahlstrom
5425 Clinton Street
Mpls. 55419

Memo to Robin Wu: Please check attached postcard. It isn't likely that it was written by a Lutheran minister.
—WFB

MEMO TO: WFB

FROM: Robin

Both the Lutheran Council in the U.S.A. (315 Park Ave., NYC) and the American Lutheran Church Headquarters (422 South Fifth St., Minneapolis) confirm that J. Miller Ahlstrom is a Lutheran pastor, belonging to the Lutheran Church in America. The Minneapolis telephone operator also confirmed his address.

MEMO TO: Robin

FROM: WFB

O tempora . . .

—WFB

Prognosis Negative

The millionaire, Lord Thomson, just struck oil:

“The rich get richer,” I can hear them say.

In Britain, where he did it, people boil

At what the bloody bosses salt away.

The labor unions fancy they're the prey

As Thomson-types amass another pile.

(How many tea-breaks in a working day?

How many holidays can one compile?)

Bound down like Gulliver, this sceptered isle

Joins Brussels with a mushy GNP.

The French allow themselves a certain smile

While England ogles telly over tea.

Lord Thomson? He pursues his grubby goal

As Whitehall loots his income for the dole.

W. H. VON DREELE

Duck, Congress

CONGRESS IS fighting to regain lost power and prestige by challenging the President's use of impoundment to hold down spending. Someone should give Congress the advice a manager gave his battered boxer: "Next time you think you see an opening—duck."

Impoundment is the presidential practice of refusing to expend appropriated funds according to the intent of Congress. President Nixon did not invent the practice and this Congress will not end it.

President Jefferson wanted to prevent "the ruinous folly of a navy" which he thought would be a costly and unnecessary nest of aristocratic tendencies. So in 1803 he impounded a \$50,000 appropriation for gunboats. Like many of the practices that have inflated presidential power enough to scare even liberals, impoundment was used significantly by the President who ranks with Jefferson in the liberal pantheon—FDR. Like Jefferson, FDR impounded appropriations for war matériel he considered unnecessary. The last time impounding was an issue, liberals favored it: In 1963 the Civil Rights Commission recommended impounding federal funds for Mississippi to punish noncompliance with desegregation decrees, but President Kennedy said he did not have authority to do that.

Nixon, like Jefferson, fancies himself a strict constructionist and, like Jefferson, he strictly construes other people's powers. He says Congress forfeits to him appropriating powers when it exercises them imprudently: "The constitutional rights of the President . . . to impound funds . . . when the spending of money would mean either increasing prices or increasing taxes . . . is absolutely clear."

Assistant Attorney General (now Supreme Court Justice) William Rehnquist argued in a 1969 memorandum

Capitol Issues

GEORGE F. WILL

to the President: "With respect to the suggestion that the President has a constitutional power to decline to spend appropriated funds, we must conclude that the existence of such a broad power is supported by neither reason nor precedent." On the other hand, what the President has is what Senator Charles McC. Mathias (R., Md.) describes (and deplores) as an "informal line item veto." It is "informal" only in that it derives from a host of laws (initiated by Congress) that require the President to exercise broad discretion in administering appropriations in order to achieve certain goals (e.g., price stability, spending efficiency, compliance with a legislated debt limit) that Congress has made it the President's job to achieve. If government were a constitutional law seminar, or if Congress had enormous prestige, Congress might emerge unscathed from this fight. But as Jimmy Durante would say, "Dem ain't da conditions dat prevail."

The spending policies which have provoked this tempest represent a decade of congressional disregard for public opinion. When Congress adjourned in 1962 Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield remarked "the strangely quiescent" mood of the country: "It isn't demanding much of this or that." Four years later, after the 1964 landslide made Congress pliable, the country was inundated by this and that. Now the public is fed up with government spending it never asked for, and Congress, demonstrating the kind of political judgment that has brought it to its current low estate, thinks this a propitious time to seek support for its right to spend.

CONGRESS SAYS it wants to "control" spending, but the public knows a weasel word when it hears one. The word the public is listening for is "cut." Congress is clamoring about its abstract rights just as its constituents are reaching another rendezvous with the 1040 Form.

Impoundment is even bringing out the silliness in the respected senator who has appointed himself guardian of Congress' prerogatives.

Sam Ervin (D., N.C.), 76, portly and florid, his bushy eyebrows wagging like railroad semaphores, is a Washing-

ton asset. In a town dominated by a man who praises Disraeli and imitates de Gaulle, it is a joy to have an honest-to-God Southern senator who looks and acts like Charles Laughton playing a Southern senator. He also is a reasonably serious legislator, which is to say he does not have great expectations for legislators. The worth of a senator is his position multiplied by his energy (which is multiplied by a good staff) divided by the size of his ambition to be President. Ervin has a good staff and is content to be chairman of the Government Operations Committee. He knows it is easier to stop government from doing something wrong than it is to get government to do something worthwhile and do it right. He understands that legislators in modern bureaucratic states are most effective when sowing sand in the gears of the Executive.

IN 18 years in the Senate Ervin has been reasonably restrained in exercising the politician's right to obfuscate, but he has been exercising it in claiming that the impoundment debate will decide whether "executive usurpation of legislative power is to continue unabated." Usurpation? Congress has an interest in saying it has been raped; and of course the executive branch never is without lust. But in reality Congress has been like the maiden in *Tom Jones*: "He would have ravished her had she not, by a timely compliance, prevented him." While Congress frets about "control" of the few billions the President has impounded, it has before it a \$268.7-billion budget, approximately \$207 billion of which is uncontrollable because it has been committed by previous Congresses.

Ervin and 13 other senior Democratic senators, and Ralph Nader (who is an ally of James Eastland on this one), have filed a brief supporting Missouri's suit to force the President to release impounded highway trust funds. Leave it to senators to focus the fight for control of spending on a trust fund that is a conspicuous example of the kind of congressional creations that place vast sums outside the annual appropriations process.

Duck, Congress. □

Russia Still Looks West

THE COMMUNIST MENACE in Western Europe has undergone an evolution, assuming new forms quite different from those of 1950 or even 1960.

In the past, Communism was a military menace as well as a moral and intellectual one. Its genuinely revolutionary character was backed by armed might. Free Europe was safe from a military assault in the years 1945-1958, when the United States had the atomic monopoly, and into the Sixties. More recently, however, American military power—or, more exactly, America's willingness to use that power effectively to oppose Communism—has seemed to weaken.

In the 1950s, the unmasking of Communism had just begun. Only in the areas directly or even indirectly affected by the Red Army and Communist occupation was there a *general* knowledge of the character of Russian Communism. In 1946 British officers with perfect manners and Oxford accents tried to convince my Austrian in-laws that their views of Communism were largely conditioned by reactionary memories of Franz Josef's reign or, worse yet, by Nazi propaganda. The uncouth aspects of Sovietism they ascribed to Russia's barbaric past. Collaboration with the Western Allies had thoroughly "democratized" the men in the Kremlin. These Englishmen seemed greatly reassured (as my in-laws were not) by the fact that Russian officers now wore epaulettes, as in czarist times.

The awakening from this dream was not long in coming. There was the Berlin blockade, the East German uprising in 1953, Khrushchev's anti-Stalin speech, the Polish troubles, and the Hungarian Revolution in 1956, all of which prompted an exodus of intellectuals from the ranks of the Western European Communist parties. By the early 1960s it was evident that in the

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

USSR freedom of the intellect and the spirit did not exist. Curiously enough, it was the fall of Khrushchev (the butcher of the Ukraine under Stalin, the Butcher of Budapest after "de-Stalinization") that was the real danger signal for the pro-Communist intelligentsia in the West. (Robert Garaudy, the French Communist anathematized by the Party but still 100 per cent loyal to "Marxism-Leninism," quite recently compared Khrushchev with John XXIII.)

The former Communists turned to leftism of a more anarchical (rather than collectivist) character: to "Young Marx," to the ideals of the New Left (Marcuse), to "the Critical Theory of Society" (Adorno), to late forms of "Sartrism" with Maoist implications. (In the West there is very little realization of what present-day Chinese Communism represents. Its popularity is attributable to the fascination of the exotic.) Relatively few disillusioned and disgruntled ex-Communists turned to conservative or Christian positions—largely because European conservatives are only now beginning to rally and to attempt to form a coherent doctrine, and because of the state of confusion now prevailing in the Catholic Church.

Briefly, then, the volunteer army of fifth columnists in the service of Muscovite expansion has shrunk considerably. But while the "useful idiots" (to quote Stalin's expression) are fewer, and "intellectuals and artists" dedicated to the destruction of the West still constitute an impressive phalanx, they are not, in the main, directly in Moscow's service: They are not "masterminded"; they are enthusiastic volunteer grave-diggers of the very freedom by which they so greatly profit. They insist quite honestly that they would never tolerate tyranny of the Soviet type—but at the same time they attack practically all values on which Western civilization, Western society, and Western political structures rest. They remind one of the Weimar intellectuals who only occasionally flirted with Bolshevism, but with cunning and irony attacked all the notions held dear by Germany's silent majority, thus creating a poisonous atmosphere of resentment, suspicion, and reaction from which the Nazis profited.

Today a reaction has not yet set in and the cancer of anarchical leftism has therefore a much better chance to weaken the fiber of free nations. Many observers point out that the societies east of the Iron Curtain, in spite of oppression, malnutrition, low living standards, and a total lack of freedom, are healthier than those in the West. That is, their people share the belief that the society is entitled to survive.

The Communist parties themselves are in a state of stagnation. They do not significantly advance in numbers, their leadership is mediocre, they generate no enthusiasm among the young, and they suffer from a cumbersome bureaucratic apparatus. In addition, the loyalties of the various Communist parties toward Moscow have in some cases become rather questionable. Some were shaken by the events of 1956, others (even more) by the intervention in Czechoslovakia (which, after all, wanted to remain faithful to Communist doctrine, whereas the Hungarian Revolution rapidly developed into fierce anti-Communism). Especially in the Latin countries the old individualism of the people once more asserts itself. The endemic contempt of the Russian Communists, who seized power with a handful of men, for their non-Russian sister-parties, which didn't with millions, hastens alienation.

WE MIGHT VIEW the situation with some optimism, were it not for the armed might of the USSR. Precisely because it feels the mounting internal unrest—among its elite no less than among its masses—the possibility of an aggressive war must not be taken lightly. Something of this sort happened in 1914 when War Minister Sukhomlinov and Chief of Staff Yanushkevitch decided to provoke Germany (behind the back of Nicholas II) into a declaration of war, because they felt a war was needed in order to mobilize a flaming patriotism against the forces of revolutionary internationalism. Europe is still being poisoned, but no longer by Sovietism. The danger for us lies not in being persuaded and propagandized by orthodox Marxism, but in being demoralized and then clubbed into submission. □

WHAT ALTERNATIVES?

*Why is the Soviet Union being so agreeable about sharing
its energy resources with us?
The authors discuss the Soviet strategy, point out its dangers,
and offer an alternative*

The Energy Crisis in the Cold War

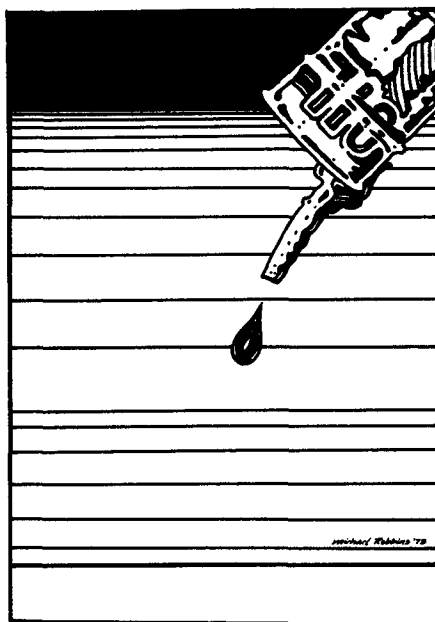
RICHARD P. RUNYON and LAWRENCE ROCKS

IN RECENT MONTHS we have seen the USSR enter into agreements with the U.S. in two key areas of international politics: limiting the arms race and expanding trade relations. After several decades of confrontation with the West, why has Russia suddenly done a complete about-face and agreed to a thaw in the cold war? Have the leaders in the USSR "got religion," recognizing that the interests of humanity are best served by sheathing swords and pressing for international cooperation on all fronts? We doubt that this is the case. Certainly the continued repression of the Jews and the intellectuals within the USSR and the maintenance of controls over the satellites call into question the assumption that there has been a basic change in Soviet policy—domestic or foreign.

We believe that the reason for the apparent turnabout lies in the fact that the cold-war advantage is about to shift dramatically in the Soviet Union's favor upon the issue of energy. As we shall see, her energy resources and deployment capabilities dwarf ours.

The Soviet Union is about to confront an entirely new international situation: namely, the West faces imminent shortages of energy, while the USSR will be self-sufficient in that department for many decades to come. The military phase of the cold war is over; and a new phase, that of energy-deployment capabilities, is on—and in it the Soviet Union has the overwhelming advantage.

The first significant point is that the consumption of energy in the United States continues to be enormous. With about 6 per cent of the world's population, we consume approximately 33 per cent of its yearly output of energy. The USSR, with roughly the same share of population, consumes, at the very most,



20 per cent of the world's energy output. The remarkable rate of energy consumption in the United States has provided us with the highest standard of living on earth but the cost has been equally high. In order to achieve and sustain our living standard, we have been forced to extract our domestic energy resources at ever-increasing rates. We have already consumed more than 50 per cent of our oil reserves and are rapidly approaching this figure with respect to natural gas. The first 50 per cent of a resource is easy to find, ship, process, and deploy. The remaining 50 per cent is a different matter. To exploit the remainder requires drilling deeper in increasingly inaccessible regions (offshore and in the Arctic Circle), with spiraling costs and lower yields. To illustrate, in the 1930s we obtained about 270 barrels of oil per foot of exploratory drill-

ing. Today, we obtain 35 barrels per foot. In other words, it is now eight times more difficult to obtain oil domestically.

The USSR, on the other hand, has scarcely dented her vast reserves of oil and natural gas. By the best available estimates, she has about four times our oil reserves and three times our gas reserves. Add to this a lower rate of consumption, and the USSR is assured of copious oil and gas for decades to come. If Russia faces an "energy crisis," it will come well after the year 2000.

All of this suggests that it is not in the best interest of the Soviet Union to risk military confrontation with the United States. She has only to wait to achieve supremacy, for in a scant decade the U.S. will suffer an overwhelming balance-of-trade problem due to energy imports and will have let go by the moment to lessen the energy crisis through a synthetic fuel program (deriving gas and oil from coal). This tragedy will come to pass, that is, if we do not assess properly our present energy situation and our best options.

Do the Soviets believe in their "energy manifest destiny" or have we merely imputed this confidence to them? The answer can be deduced from the terms of energy agreements that they have signed, or want to sign. Herewith an analysis of the de facto Russian energy game-plan.

The Soviets have already contracted to deliver about 400 billion cubic feet

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of gas per year to West Germany, France, and Italy by the late 1970s. The Soviets have also agreed to buy over 400 million cubic feet of gas from Iran and Afghanistan. In other words, the Soviets intend to be net importers of gas, despite the fact that they possess more gas than any other country. Moreover, they recently signed an agreement to develop and refine Libyan oil. This agreement represents a major breakthrough in the Western monopoly of Libyan oil. Are these steps the tip of the iceberg—the initial maneuvers in a grand strategy to gain control of the energy flow of the world?

Since the total amount of gas involved in the agreements with Iran and Afghanistan is relatively small compared to Russia's 7 trillion cubic feet of natural gas production, one could argue that these agreements prove nothing.

Next, look at the proposed gas sale discussed with former Secretary of Commerce Peter G. Peterson. The Soviets offered to sell us 1.5 trillion cubic feet of gas per year for \$2 billion. The gas fields of Siberia would be explored and developed by Soviet and American technicians at joint expense. The gas produced would then be piped to port facilities and liquefied, again at joint expense. Next the gas would be transported to the United States in LNG tankers (liquid natural gas tankers, built like Thermos bottles) at U.S. expense. We would need about 45 tankers, costing about \$4.5 billion. Finally, we would have to build deep-water ports here with regasification facilities to receive the gas.

Faulty Assumptions

What's wrong with the arrangement? We would get a mere 8 per cent of our projected gas shortfall by 1985. Our annual dollar drain of \$1.5 billion would return in the form of Soviet purchases of capital equipment for the exploration and development of their oil and gas fields. In fact, the Soviet Union will not sign the deal unless it can first sign up some of the key U.S. oil and gas companies. The Russians would get about a 50 per cent increase in capital equipment; we would get 8 per cent of a consumable product.

As lopsided as this arrangement sounds, the Soviets propose it anyway and we take it seriously. Why? It is obvious that we need energy desper-

ately, from any source, at any cost, even if the cost will provide our adversary with some of our best technology in the area of gas and oil procurement. The fact that the Russian proposal has received serious consideration shows the depth of ignorance of the facts of life on energy on our side, and the Soviet assurance that we will one day help her to achieve fossil-fuel superiority. We calculate that the Soviet Union will surpass us in domestic energy production by the late 1970s—even without our help.

Perhaps the gas trade proposal does not provide conclusive proof that the Soviets realize their energy superiority. Perhaps it only proves that they are shrewd businessmen. Based upon historical precedent, there is little comfort to be taken from Leonid Brezhnev's magnanimous offer to Peter Peterson: "The Soviet Union has vast treasures for generations to come and we are prepared to share them with you."

Even more important than the trade arrangements that the Soviet Union has either consummated or proposed are the great geological and economic forces which are now beginning to emerge on the world energy scene. What are these forces? What is our policy? Certainly, our plight will be clear to all before the decade is out.

To begin with, most observers of the energy crisis automatically assume two things: 1) Arab oil is plentiful, and 2) there is no viable alternative to Arab oil. Hence we solve our energy crisis by importing fuels. This theory is the direct result of an uncritical approach to the flood of uninterpreted information about energy. We believe that there are three major flaws in the import approach: 1) The Arab energy banks cannot sustain America at a sufficient importation rate much past the early 1980s; 2) the dollar drain (which would result if we could import at a sufficient rate) would be, at the least, a staggering \$130 billion by 1985; and 3) the capital equipment costs of importing fuels would reach \$100 billion, while for \$150 billion we could permanently solve our immediate energy crisis through a synthetic fuel industry. These three dimensions deserve careful consideration. Let us delve deeper.

Why do so many energy watchers believe that the Middle East and North Africa hold sufficient oil and gas reserves for America's future needs? The statistics of U.S. oil exploration and de-

velopment indicate that there is little relationship between the total assumed fuel reserves and their availability to consumers. For example, our oil reserves are estimated to be about 100 billion barrels. This amount is 13 years' worth of oil at our present consumption growth rate. But it will probably take a hundred years to find and recover this oil judging from the data for barrels discovered per foot of exploratory drilling. Even a crash program in oil exploration cannot be expected to raise our recovery rate very much. Why isn't this same argument applied to Arab oil?

Can We Afford It?

When we do apply this reasoning to Arab oil and gas, the results are shocking. Algerian gas has an equivalent life-span of only seven years of U.S. needs. Saudi Arabian oil has a life-span of 25 years—but a recovery requirement of perhaps ten decades. And so it goes, country after country, for all of the OPEC (Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries). Any one of them, or all of them collectively, cannot supply America with her projected oil needs at a sufficient rate much past the early 1980s.

Nonsense, say most people. Our experts would have told us these facts.

But they did. Three OPEC members, Libya, Kuwait, and Venezuela, have already put a ceiling on their annual oil production, which amounts to 40 per cent of OPEC's production. Why? To prevent a premature exhaustion of their resources; to prevent an excessive pressure drop in the oil fields by too rapid a withdrawal rate; to prevent a boom-and-bust oil income schedule; and, lastly, to hold back oil until its price can be raised drastically.

Now a different picture emerges from these facts. Even if OPEC wanted to sell oil only to the U.S. (not Europe or Japan), it would be constrained by geological forces to restrict production to levels below our needs, and would be tempted by economic considerations to maintain short supplies. Of course, with West Europe, Japan, and the U.S. bidding for the same oil, prices will be high, and the supply will be insufficient at any price. All of this by the mid-1980s.

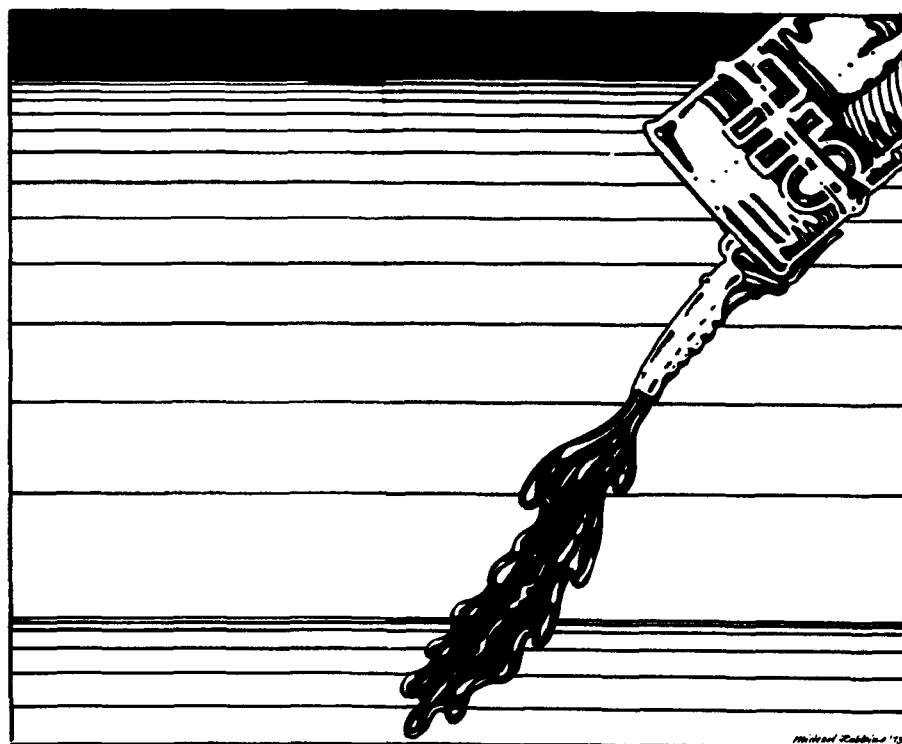
The potential dollar drain of a massive import strategy is staggering. Let's calculate: Suppose our oil imports rise

from the present 1.2 billion barrels per year to 6 billion by 1985. Suppose our gas imports rise from their present 1 trillion cubic feet per year to 19 trillion by 1985. These imports would fill our projected oil and gas gaps as forecast by the National Petroleum Council. At the present price of fuel our dollar drain would be \$36 billion per year by 1985, with a cumulative drain of \$130 billion by 1985. Obviously, with inflationary pressures and a sellers' market driving up prices, the dollar drain will actually be more severe. Would this money return to the U.S.? In the case of Soviet exports of fuel, we would be selling our energy technology during the very years that we need it the most at home. In the case of Arab exports of fuel, the money would probably return in the form of purchased stocks and bonds. The Arab world would quickly own vast portions of U.S. equities and, in a decade or two, the Arabs could wield great power within U.S. corporations. Perhaps \$130 billion doesn't sound like much, but consider that all stocks on the New York Exchange have a present market value of approximately \$750 billion; all banks in the U.S. have total deposits of about \$550 billion.

An Alternative

Is there then no answer to the energy crisis? There is. In a word: coal. Coal can be used to synthesize gas and oil. Our coal reserves are enormous and could carry us in a synthetic-fuel strategy for one to two hundred years—enough time to build a full-blown nuclear capability or solar capability, or to evolve a society in which energy demands are greatly reduced. Synthesizing fuels from coal would create no dollar drain, with the consequent economic results. Finally, the capital equipment costs are acceptable: To close our energy gap fully by importing fuels would cost about \$100 billion; the synthetic-fuel plants would cost about \$150 billion—these data are for the projected 1985 shortfalls. In our view, coal—and only coal—can solve the immediate energy crisis.

It must be pointed out, however, that the oil and gas shortages projected for 1985 (6 billion barrels and 19 trillion cubic feet respectively) can only be met by about 6 billion tons of coal. We presently produce 0.6 billion tons of coal per year. Hence we would have



to increase coal production tenfold. This is impossible according to many authorities. We know it, and so do the Soviets.

What can we do? We can strike a balanced approach among our options: 1) We should permit imports to rise only slightly; 2) we should stimulate domestic production of gas and oil modestly by financial incentives; and 3) we should develop a synthetic-fuel industry on an all-out basis. An intelligent balance is our best hope, for no one strategy alone can succeed.

The fact that we are running short on gas and oil would not in itself constitute a peril to economic stability were it not for our failure in the past few decades to research and develop alternate energy modes. The truth is that the much-heralded "nuclear future" is almost as remote today as it was twenty years ago. The fuel employed in the fission reactor, U235, is in short supply. Even if it were abundant, however, its energy is expressed in electricity and we are not prepared for an electrical future. Electricity constitutes less than 20 per cent of our present power structure. The energy to run our ground transportation systems, to provide space heating in home, office, and factory, and to maintain farm productivity at its incredibly high levels is derived primarily from oil and natural gas. It is inconceivable that we could convert to electrically driven de-

vices within the next decade or two. Moreover, the breeder reactor, which can supply us with an enormous energy bank of fissionable materials, will not produce significant amounts of electrical power for at least fifty years.

Our dilemma is deepened because our present energy consumption rate, 2.2 trillion watts, reveals that the maximum potential of many eternal energy sources is insufficient, even if fully developed. Tidal energy amounts to about 2 per cent of our present energy needs; geothermal power is also about 2 per cent; and hydroelectric power, about 7 per cent. In contrast, the solar power reaching 10 per cent of our nation's area is sufficient by well over a hundredfold. Unfortunately it is inaccessible to our present technology. Perhaps scientific or technological breakthroughs will someday permit us to enjoy the benefits of these long-lived and relatively nonpolluting energy sources. However, it would be a terrible mistake to pin our hopes on their coming to our rescue in the coming decade. Whether we like it or not, we appear to be wedded to the fossil fuels—oil, natural gas, and coal—for many years to come.

Unfortunately, Americans tend to oversimplify problems and to look for the quick and easy solution. What solution is more direct than to import energy from abroad, thereby circumventing the inevitable internal battles should

the United States attempt to adopt a self-sufficient energy policy? The hopes of expanded trade that appear to reduce the balance-of-payments deficit; the belief that the world is moving toward a new era of international cooperation; the fears that the alternative plan of developing synthetic fuels constitutes an environmental disaster—these are the widely shared illusions of the energy crisis.

For our part, we think it is more than coincidental that the USSR has taken such a sudden interest in the energy posture of the West, and has offered to share its energy treasures with any nation willing to provide the capital equipment and talent necessary to develop her vast potential. We think it is more than coincidental that these overtures are being made at this critical juncture, when we must decide, without delay, which route we are to

take. In our opinion, if we decide to follow the route that leads to the oil and gas fields in Siberia, the Middle East, and North Africa, our days of economic growth are numbered. Once we commit significant amounts of talent and capital to these options, we will have lost timing so critical for developing our own alternate energy strategy. According to our calculations, it will take about as long to develop the gas fields in Siberia, to increase the oil production in the Middle East and North Africa, and to construct the enormous fleets necessary to transport these vital commodities, as it will take to devise and implement a synthetic-fuel strategy at home.

The importation strategy will expose us to the possibility of international blackmail; it will impose a balance-of-trade deficit in which the dollar outflow will stagger the economy and possibly

deal it a lethal blow; it will bring us into conflict with our allies as we bid for the same energy sources; and it will, at best, provide only a partial and short-term "solution" to the crisis, which is likely to last beyond the time that worldwide oil and natural gas resources are depleted. If we adopt the alternate strategy—synthetic fuels from coal—we will free ourselves of the dangers of cut-offs from abroad; we will be spared the enormous capital costs involved in the construction of a "naval museum"; we will escape the unconscionable dollar drain; and the total cost of energy will probably be less in the long run. This strategy must be implemented right now if we are to enjoy any chance of averting the onrushing energy crisis.

The prospects for a synthetic-fuel industry must become a great issue throughout our land. □

Firing Line Guest: Robin Hood

Mr. Buckley: My guest tonight is a noted specialist in the theory and practice of the direct redistribution of the world's goods.

Some argue that if England had only managed to generate enough Robin Hoods

Why, Karl Marx could not have gotten up a head of steam At the British Museum.

Others say his larceny is anything but grand, And

At the movies root for the Sheriff of Nottingham to win Instead of Errol Flin.

But it seems to me that most of the cheers go to Mr. Hood at the picture show,

The audience liking nothing better to judge from the noise than an arrow fetched to the fleeing posterior of the law-enforcement officer from his trusty longbow,

After making some rich prince or fat bishop Fishop

His purse.

And since, no matter what the motive, people thus interdicted have been known to nurse

A grudge or two, no one, I'm afraid, gets in

The studio during the show if he's wearing a pair of cowboy boots, a star, and a ten-gallon Stetsin,

Especially if he betrays an English accent;

Or, as I told the guard downstairs, any sheriff who looks mad and medieval and sounds Anglo-Saccent.

Thus assured, our guest has shed his monk's disguise,

And sits in front of me now, life-size,

Resplendent in forest-green jerkin and feathered cap,

Longbow and quiver on lap,

Looking very

Merry.

I should like to begin the discussion by asking Mr. Hood the obvious question about the morality of stealing.

There is, as he knows, a civil law bearing on it as well as a religious one, i.e., the Seventh Commandment.

Simply put, theft is proscribed. What is his feeling On the matter?

Robin Hood: Well, Mr. Buckley, no one is made satter Than I by the flouting of the moral code.

Indeed as I was telling Little John only last week in the Sherwood, a man gets back in harvest precisely what he sode.

Mr. Buckley: Was this immediately before you commenced dividing up the spoils or after?

Robin Hood: Are you suggesting I should feel guilty about bringing a little relief and laughter To the oppressed poor?

Mr. Buckley: I was just counterpointing the cant of your reply with a little sarcasm. Sorry if I seemed a boor.

Robin Hood: I'm afraid I am much stronger on practice than theory, working from heart rather than head.

Mr. Buckley: Well, they say there is a little larceny in every man. Especially when it comes to bread.

Robin Hood: 'Tis time we all to robb'ry go: There's gold to gain.

Mr. Buckley: Would you explain.

Robin Hood: I mean, to cut the purse from self; failing that people should be helped and prodded.

Mr. Buckley: Is it your judgment that our society today is rodded

Away with greed?

Robin Hood: Not as long as I keep active, keed.

(Slipping a shaft into his longbow)

Now! Wallets, everyone, please! Nice and slow!

Mr. Buckley [stunned]: Your are a most extraordinary guest!

Robin Hood: To quote your own words, Mr. Buckley: *Radix omnium malorum cupiditas est!* —JOHANNES EFF

It Really Was Yesterday

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

Paris is very beautiful this fall. It was a fine place to be quite young in and it is a necessary part of a man's education. We all loved it once and we lie if we say we didn't. But she is like a mistress who does not grow old and she has other lovers now. She was old to start with but we did not know it then. We thought she was just older than we were, and that was attractive then. So when we did not love her anymore we held it against her. But that was wrong because she is always the same age and she always has new lovers.

—Ernest Hemingway

PAPA WAS LUCKY. Cuba and Africa betrayed him; it would have been too cruel had he seen his last mistress do the same. Not that he was unaware, toward the end of his life, of her infidelities: He was already describing her nostalgically—as a past mistress grown old—in his last reminiscences in *A Moveable Feast*. He was suspicious, almost certain, that she had taken up with bankers, land speculators, and stockbrokers. But because of her past, because of the countless lovers she had tenderly cared for, he gave her the benefit of the doubt. Now the game is up. Twelve years after Hemingway's death the Paris of his youth, even the Paris of his last years, is in decline, has sold out to the plexiglass monster, *le drugstore*, *le super highway*, and the booked tour. No less a person than President Georges Pompidou has taken up the defense of "*le boom*." In an interview in *Le Monde*, he defended his government's policy of granting building permits by reminding the public that the city's builders, from Louis XIV to Haussmann, tore down more than they built. Elaborating, the President said he found contemporary factories and office buildings have great beauty compared with the ghastly products of the nineteenth century. Paris, he said, is not a dead city and ought not to be kept as a museum.

There is a stubborn minority, however, that refuses to equate progress

with tearing down beautiful old building and replacing them with ugly new ones. It is called the Committee To Save Paris and its members encompass an unlikely group of allies, ranging from dowager duchesses of the Right Bank to Maoist disciples of Sartre on the Left, and from solidly entrenched Parisian bourgeoisie to romantically inclined American exchange students.

But their spirited attacks on "*les spéculateurs et technocrates*" have mostly been in vain, as a sampling of the more egregious alterations that have taken place suggests:

➤The 985-foot Eiffel Tower is now rivaled by the 685-foot Maine-Montparnasse skyscraper. In fact, urbanists argue, if it were a lone exception (like the Eiffel Tower), the 58-story Maine-Montparnasse could be tolerated and perhaps ultimately accepted as a landmark. But it is only the tallest rectangle among many that are overpowering the spires, domes, and slanted roofs of old Paris. Sixty other blocks, some nearly five hundred feet, tower over the Seine; by 1974 the number will double.

➤The demolition of the marketplace of Les Halles in a redevelopment scheme not only brought down the elegant nineteenth-century cast-iron market buildings, it also extinguished one of the quaintest customs of Parisian life: *la haute société* mingling with the wholesale butchers and vegetable vendors, while sipping their *café-au-lait* after an all-night party.

➤The La Défense project, a rapidly rising new business center just beyond the Pont de Neuilly, spoils the vista from the Place de la Concorde up the Champs-Élysées to the Arc de Triomphe.

➤The projected inner-city highway along the Left Bank will efface several historic objects, e.g., the Pont des Arts, replacing four miles of the romantic riverside scene loved by tourists, students, and tramps.

➤The beautiful gardens along the Avenue de l'Observatoire, and those public squares and gardens around

Parc Monceau, are threatened by planned underground garages.

For those most concerned with the city's rapidly changing scene, La Défense is the supreme architectural insult to Paris—worse even than the Maine-Montparnasse tower. And although the debate has centered on where—not if—new buildings should be constructed, no one was prepared for the modest proposal of a former prefect of Paris, Paul Delouvrier, who has suggested razing the Arc de Triomphe, thus eliminating all argument: "The Arc is for me a symbol of the French decadence that lasted more than a century, and was due to the bloodshed of the Napoleonic wars and the final political disaster of the Empire."

Few, of course, are as extreme as the former prefect. As the government sees it, the problem is what few to sacrifice in order to save many. The aim of the grand design, as it is called, is to decentralize industry by moving it to the suburbs. The La Défense project, for instance, will provide offices for a hundred thousand white-collar workers and housing for over two thousand families.

The government believes that by developing the suburbs of Paris into centers of business and industrial activity, it will protect the city from the ills that plague most great capitals, and leave Paris to its monuments, tourists, and lovers. Still, people are furious.

The American writer James Jones raises the nostalgia point, the fact that Paris remained unchanged for more than a hundred years: "It was thrilling as hell to come over in the Fifties and find the Closerie des Lilas just the way Hemingway had described it. Even some of the waiters were the same." Another American, who has since moved to London, explained: "Every city changed after the war. But Paris not only resisted change, it took up where it had left off. Hundreds of Americans came over 'looking for Hemingway,' starting literary magazines, journals, and novels. They frequented Fitzgerald's haunts, . . . and tried to write like Papa. It was unique, and in a way, incredible."

Will the old Paris be saved by the planned decentralization? Perhaps. Will she ever again become the Mecca of the artist? Probably not. Will she, in Hemingway's words, be "always the same age" and "always have new lovers"? That's the question her lovers past are asking. □

THE RIGHT TO LIFE

Future victims of a "quality of life" mystique emanating from the Supreme Court's ruling on abortion need protection. The author examines the Court's faulty reasoning and urges adoption of a Human Life Amendment to the Constitution



RAW JUDICIAL POWER

JOHN T. NOONAN JR.

ON JANUARY 22, 1973, the Supreme Court of the United States deciding *Roe v. Wade* and *Doe v. Bolton* announced that a new personal liberty existed in the Constitution—the liberty of a woman to procure the termination of her pregnancy at any time in its course. The Court was not sure where the Constitution had mentioned this right, although the Court was clear that the Constitution had not mentioned it explicitly. “We feel,” said Justice Blackmun for the majority, “that the right is located in the Fourteenth Amendment’s concept of personal liberty,” but he thought that it also could be placed “in the Ninth Amendment’s reservation of rights to the people” (*Wade*, pp. 37-38). Vague as to the exact constitutional provision, the Court was sure of its power to proclaim an exact constitutional mandate. It propounded a doctrine on human life

which had, until then, escaped the notice of the Congress of the United States and the legislators of all fifty states. It set out criteria it said were required by the Constitution which made invalid the regulation of abortion in every state in the Union, the District of Columbia, the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, and the City of New York. No one of these bodies had read the Constitution right.

Wherever the liberty came from in the Constitution and however recent its discovery was, it was of a very high rank. It deserved to be classified as “fundamental” and as “implicit in the concept of ordered liberty” (*Wade*, p. 37). With these characterizations, the right took its place with such foundations of civilized society as the requirement of fair, public trials. Justice Blackmun seemed to sense no incongruity in giving so basic a position to a demand which

had, until his opinion, been consistently and unanimously rejected by the people of the United States. He did not pause to wonder how the nation had survived before January 22, 1973 in steadfastly repudiating a right implied in the concept of ordered liberty.

Some of the legislation affected was old, going back to the mid-nineteenth century, some was recent, reflecting the wisdom of the American Law Institute or containing explicit statements of intent to protect the fetus. Some of the legislation had been confirmed by recent popular referenda, as in Michigan and North Dakota; some of the legislation was in the process of repeal, as in New York. Old or new, compromise or complete protection from conception, passed by nineteenth-century males or confirmed by popular vote of both sexes, maintained by apathy or reaffirmed in vigorous democratic battle, none of the existing legislation on abortion conformed to the Court's criteria. By this basic fact alone, *Roe v. Wade* and *Doe v. Bolton* may stand as the most radical decisions ever issued by the Supreme Court.

That these opinions come from a Court substantially dominated by appointees of a President dedicated to strict construction of the Constitution, that they should be drafted by a Justice whose antecedents are Republican, are ironies which do not abate the revolutionary character of what the Court has done in the exercise of what Justice White, in dissent, calls "raw judicial power." In rhetoric, the style is that of a judicial body. In substance, the opinions could have been authored by Paul Ehrlich or Bella Abzug.

Radicalism marks not only the Court's treatment of the states and its preference for the views of an elite to the results of democratic contests. Radicalism is also the mark of the Court's results. In October 1963 Glanville Williams, the spiritual father of abortion-on-demand, put the proposition to the Abortion Law Reform Association that abortion be made a matter between woman and physician up to the end of the third month. His proposal was voted down by the then most organized advocates of abortion. In less than ten years the Supreme Court has written into the Constitution a far more radical doctrine. By virtue of its opinions, human life has less protection in the United States today than at any time since the inception of the country. By virtue of its opinions, human life has less protection in the United States than in any country of the Western world.

The Court's Holdings

Did the Court really go so far? Here is what it held:

1. Until a human being is "viable" or "capable of meaningful life," a state has no "compelling interest" which justifies it in restricting in any way in favor of the fetus a woman's fundamental personal liberty of abortion (*Wade*, p. 48). For six months, or "usually" for seven months (the Court's reckoning, p. 45), the fetus is denied the protection of law by virtue of either the Ninth Amendment or the Fourteenth Amendment.

2. After viability has been reached, the human being is

not a person "in the whole sense," so that even after viability he or she is not protected by the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee that life shall not be taken without due process of law (*Wade*, p. 47). At this point he or she is, however, legally recognizable as "potential life" (*Wade*, p. 48).

3. A state may nonetheless not protect a viable human being by preventing an abortion undertaken to preserve the health of the mother (*Wade*, p. 48). Therefore a fetus of seven, eight, or nine months is subordinated by the Constitution to the demand for abortion predicated on health.

4. What the health of a mother requires in any particular case is a medical judgment to be "exercised in the light of all factors—physical, emotional, psychological, familial, and the woman's age—relevant to the well-being of the patient" (*Bolton*, pp. 11-12).

*... the style is that of a judicial body. ...
In substance, the Court's opinion could have
been written by Paul Ehrlich or Bella Abzug.*

5. The state may require that all abortions be done by licensed physicians, that after the first trimester they be performed in licensed "facilities," and that after viability they be regulated so long as "health" abortions are not denied (*Wade*, p. 49). The state is constitutionally barred, however, from requiring review of the abortion decision by a hospital committee or concurrence in the decision by two physicians other than the attending physician (*Bolton*, p. 17, p. 19). The Constitution also prohibits a state from requiring that the abortion be in a hospital licensed by the Joint Committee on Accreditation of Hospitals or indeed that it be in a hospital at all (*Bolton*, pp. 14-15).

With belated misgivings, Chief Justice Burger concludes his brief concurrence in Justice Blackmun's opinion with the sentence: "Plainly, the Court today rejects any claim that the Constitution requires abortion-on-demand." Here is a desperate effort to recapture in a sentence what the Court has given away in its list of criteria mandated by the Constitution. Plainly, there cannot be the slightest argument that for the first six to seven months of fetal existence, the Court has made abortion-on-demand a constitutional right. Opposed to the mother's "fundamental personal liberty," the embryo or fetus is valued at precisely zero. His or her very existence seems to be doubted by the Court which refers to the state's interest here not as an interest in actual lives but as an interest in a "theory of life" (*Wade*, p. 47). The woman's right is treated as an absolute, abridgeable only for her own sake by the requirements as to licensed physicians and facilities.

Abortion-on-demand after the first six or seven months of fetal existence has been effected by the Court through its denial of personhood to the viable fetus, on the one hand, and through its broad definition of health, on the other. Because the seven-month-old fetus is not a person—cannot be a person as long as it is a fetus—because it now bears the label "potential life," the fetus is not a patient whose interest the physician must consult. In the Court's scheme, the physician has one person as patient, the mother.

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When the doctor considers the mother's health, he is to think in terms of the extensive definition of health first popularized by the World Health Organization (WHO). According to the WHO declaration, health is "a state of complete physical, mental, and social well-being, not simply the absence of illness and disease." The Supreme Court now affixes a seal of approval to this definition, substituting "familial" for "social," but essentially equating health with well-being. What physician could now be shown to have performed an abortion, at any time in the pregnancy, which was not intended to be for the well-being of the mother? What person would have difficulty in finding a physician who, in full compliance with the Court's criteria, could advise an abortion if the patient's emotional demand was intense enough? Never before in British or American law has a baby in the last stages of pregnancy been so exposed to destruction at the desire of the parent.

The Court's Reasoning

How did this Supreme Court reach this extraordinary result? In part through an inept use of history, in part through a schizophrenic style of judicial interpretation, in part through a conscious response to the needs of technocracy.

Let us look at the history. Justice Blackmun's opinion in *Wade* contains a copious gob of it (*Wade*, pp. 14-36). By and large it is a conscientious if pedestrian review of the relevant literature. But it is a history that is undigested—better said, it is history that has been untasted. It has afforded no nourishment to the mind of the judge who set it out. He has not let it engage his spirit. He has not felt the pressure of loyalty to the persons of the past who have shaped our culture. He has not responded as a person to their perceptions.

Justice Blackmun describes with clarity the reason the American Medical Association led the fight in the nineteenth century for statutory protection of the embryo—"the popular ignorance of the true character of the crime—a belief, even among mothers themselves that the fetus is not alive till after the period of quickening"; the consequent "unwarrantable destruction of human life" before the fifth month. He concludes, "The attitude of the profession may have played a significant role in the enactment of stringent abortion legislation during that period" (*Wade*, pp. 26-27). But the unimpeachable facts are apparently forgotten when Justice Blackmun discusses the claim that the purpose of American statutory law was not to protect the fetus, but to protect the mother from sepsis or other risks attendant on abdominal surgery in the unsanitary hospitals of the day. The Justice does not ask why the statutes then bar abortion by drug, or why this kind of surgery alone should have been made subject to the criminal law and customarily classed among "Crimes against the Person."

If Justice Blackmun can read the history, cite the American Medical Association jeremiads, and trace the development of the law, and yet be uncertain as to the law's intent, it must be that he has failed to grasp, failed to integrate, the purposes which animated our ancestors in laying down a thick wall of protection about the baby in the womb. History for him has not been the evocation of persons in fidelity to their fundamental purposes. It has been a charade which is shuffled off the stage when the display of learning is completed.

What of the schizoid style of judicial interpretation favored by the Justice? On the one hand, he declares the Fourteenth Amendment, enacted in 1868, refers to a personal liberty which had escaped attention for over a century—a liberty which, as Justice Rehnquist observes in dissent, would, if noticed, have invalidated the state statutes on abortion in force in 1868. Needless to say, not a single word of history is adduced to show that the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Congress which proposed it and the states which passed it, intended to legitimize abortion. In this branch of his opinion, Justice Blackmun is an evolutionist. Constitutions must be re-interpreted or remade to speak to the times. If liberty means one thing in 1868 and something entirely different in 1973, it is what one must expect of a basic document exposed to a variety of times and conditions. As Justice Blackmun says in an oblique reference to the process which he has followed, his holding is consistent "with the demands of the profound problems of the present day" (*Wade*, p. 50).

On the other hand, in determining the meaning of "person" in the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee, the Justice is curiously wooden. He looks at what person meant literally at the time of the adoption of the Constitution. He notes what person must have meant in other clauses of the document. He observes that fetuses are not enumerated in the census. But he does not ask if the new biological data on the fetus compels the Court to

An adult stripped naked and placed on the North Pole suddenly becomes "nonviable." Analogously, a fetus ripped from his mother's womb suffers a sudden loss of viability.

be as evolutionary in its definition of person as it is in its definition of liberty. He refrains from looking squarely at the facts of fetal existence. He takes the term person as if its meaning had been frozen forever. Contrary to the radical substance of the rest of his opinion, he is here, uniquely, a strict constructionist.

Neither the use of history nor the method of construing the Constitution explains why the Court reached the result it did; and the Court has been so curiously circumspect about revealing its reasoning that a commentator is forced to fall back on hints and to resort to inferences. Four features of the opinions are suggestive:

1. Justice Blackmun in an excusatory preamble states that he is aware of "the sensitive emotional nature of the abortion controversy" and concludes with an admonition from Holmes that judges should not brand a statute unconstitutional merely because it embodies opinions which to them are "novel and even shocking" (*Wade*, pp. 1-2). Would it be rash to suppose that Justice Blackmun saw the appropriateness of this advice, even as he did not follow it, when he encountered the opinion that a fetus is a person? To one vocal segment of American thought, few things could be so novel or shocking as the suggestion that a fetus has human rights. If Justice Blackmun accepted the viewpoint dominant in the media, he could readily have been shocked at the postulates underlying the statutes on abortion.

2. "Population growth, pollution, poverty, and racial overtones" are mentioned by name only on page one of *Wade* as matters "tending to complicate the problem." They then disappear from view only to be embraced in the vague but comprehensive self-justification of the Court's holding: It is "consistent with" the "demands of the profound problems of the present day" (*Wade*, p. 50). Studiously ignored is the recommendation of the Rockefeller Commission that abortion be used as a secondary form of population control. Studiously ignored is the comment of black leaders like Jesse Jackson that what is being prepared by the welfare bureaucrats is a program of genocide in the womb. And yet the Court, looking back as it were on its handiwork, says its holding responds to profound problems of the pres-

ent. What problems fall within the Court's solution but the problems of controlling population growth, the problems of the welfare bureaucracy curtailing welfare rolls?

3. The Court declares that if those trained in medicine, philosophy, and theology are unable to arrive at a consensus as to when life begins, then "the judiciary is not in a position to speculate as to the answer" (*Wade*, p. 44). Incompetence in the area is avowed.

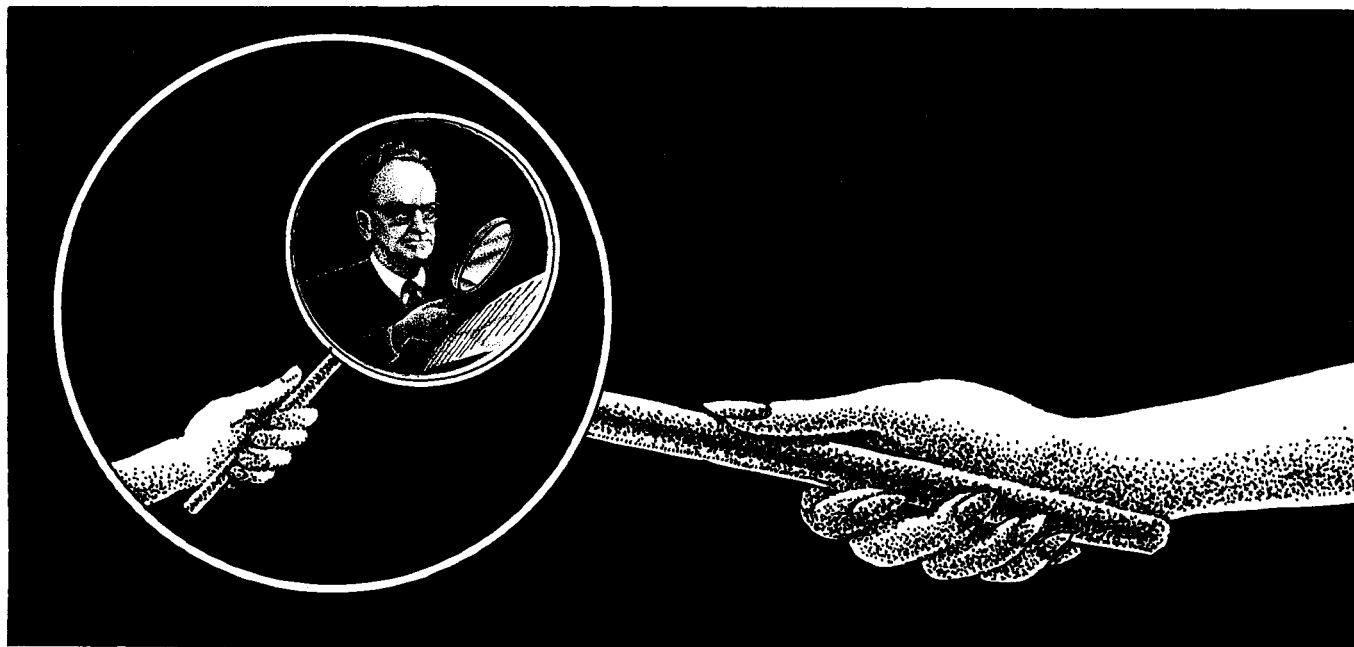
Three pages later, Justice Blackmun describes the abortion statute of Texas as "adopting one theory of life" and rejects that theory as a ground for regulating abortion. Is this the judiciary "speculating as to the answer" or is it not? How can Texas—and the other states with comparable statutes—be wrong in protecting fetal life against arbitrary extinction unless the majority of the Court knows better when life begins? The pretense of incompetence seems to be humbug.

Beneath the avowal of incompetence is a commitment to a particular theology or theory of human life. Life is an in-

Our old way of looking on all human existence as sacred is replaced by a new ethic more discriminating in choosing who shall live.

terest worthy of state protection when it acquires the characteristic of "viability" or "the capability of meaningful life outside the mother's womb." At this point, state protection has "both logical and biological justification" (*Wade*, p. 48). At this point, in short, life has characteristics that other humans may recognize. At this point, functionally, the Justice says human life begins.

As both a logical and biological matter, however, viability depends entirely on the relation of a human being's capacities to the environment in which he or she is placed. As André Hellegers has pointed out, an adult stripped naked and placed on the North Pole suddenly becomes nonviable. Analogously, a fetus ripped from his mother's womb suffers a sudden loss of the capability to survive. In the environ-



ment in which he or she had been existing, however, the fetus was as viable as any of us in our houses.

Neither logic nor biology seems to help in explaining why Justice Blackmun chose the point in the continuum he picked for recognition. But he has thrown out another phrase for our guidance—"capability of meaningful life." Here, it may be, lies the heart of the matter. What it is appropriate for the state to protect is not a human being, but a human being with the "capability of meaningful life." Human life is defined in terms of this capability. Qualitative standards of the life worthy of protection are to prevail, as Joseph Fletcher is reported to have joyously greeted the decision. Our old way of looking on all human existence as sacred is to be replaced by a new ethic more discriminating in choosing who shall live and who shall die. The concept of "meaningful life" is at the core of these decisions.

4. Who shall make the judgment that life has meaning or the capability of meaning? On this key point, it is not, perhaps, unfair to suspect Justice Blackmun of being an elitist, or, if one prefers, a technocrat.

The twin opinions breathe an extraordinary respect for the medical profession. Their explicit presupposition is that a "conscientious physician" using his best professional judgment—not "degraded" by having his judgment reviewed by colleagues (*Bolton*, p. 16)—will determine whether the fetus shall live or die. Turning the community's protection of human life over to the judgment of the technician who will perform the operation, Justice Blackmun goes as far as one judge could go to bring about the technocratic utopia so wittily and so unsparingly described in *Brave New World*.

A large irony of the opinions is this: The Fourteenth Amendment, made necessary by an earlier Supreme Court's attempt to make it legally impossible to protect the personal rights of a free black, is here made the source of holdings which made it legally impossible to protect the personal rights of a fetus. Forever denied the status of person "in the whole sense of the term," forever subordinated to the psychological health of his mother, the baby in the womb has been deprived of the possibility of protection by state or federal law. It would be a waste of valuable energy to exert any effort at amending the abortion laws to achieve in the last two or three months of fetal life the uncertain protection which the Court does not outlaw.

A second major irony is that the Court's alternative authority for the right to abort is the Ninth Amendment. This Amendment reads: "The enumeration in the Constitution, of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people." The people had already spoken on abortion through the legislatures of fifty states. In Michigan and North Dakota, crushing majorities of the people had, as recently as November 1972, rejected the demand that abortion be allowed on five-month-old fetuses. Who would contend that what Justice Blackmun and his six colleagues legislated could be passed as law in Congress or in any popular referendum? How could the rights of the people be more effectively "disparaged" by an elite than for seven members of a court to pronounce their efforts at controlling assaults on life to be unconstitutional?

These ironies suggest that the solution must be drastic. A majority which will mock the people with the doctrines of technocratic elitism will not stay its hand if confronted with new legislation not conforming to its sovereign mandate. The root of the problem must be reached. Two lines of

attack are possible. They could be pursued concurrently:

First. The Court could be expanded from nine to 15. This solution could be labeled "The Abraham Lincoln Solution." It is the idea he put forward in the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates, when Douglas insisted that *Dred Scott* was the law of the land. Douglas, he observed, had been one of five new judges added to the Supreme Court of Illinois, "to break down the four old ones." Was not, he implied, a change in membership in the Court a constitutional way of correcting a bad decision?

In many minds sensitive to the Court's place in our institutional structure there must be reluctance to change the traditional number in response to a particular decision. The "court-packing" plan of Franklin D. Roosevelt and the strong opposition it engendered come to mind. Nonetheless, there is reason why an expansion of the Court may be considered at this time as more than an ad hoc answer to a decision. A committee appointed by the Chief Justice himself (the "Freund Committee") has proposed that the Court be relieved of many of its burdens by the creation of a national appellate body which would decide what cases are appropriate for adjudication by the Supreme Court itself. The plain implication of the proposal is that nine justices are far too few to handle the enormous modern increase in the Court's business. Expansion of the Court to 15 would meet this problem directly without the disadvantage of bifurcating the functions of the highest tribunal. Expansion can be rationally justified as a functional necessity at the same time that it affords a vehicle for restoring the rights of the people.

Expansion has a practical basis. Its political attractiveness does not need underlining. It is, still, however a temporary response. It does not meet the moral issue at its deepest

The infant suffering from genetic deficiencies, the retarded child, the insane or senile adult—all are potential victims of a "quality of life" mystique and could be defended.

level. It does not provide constitutional protection for human life in the future.

The second possible course, then, is to follow the approach actually taken to overturn *Dred Scott*: Amend the Constitution. Under *Wade* and *Bolton* the fetus can never be a person within the Fourteenth Amendment, the people can never vote to give effective protection to the fetus. Very well, let the people defend the fetus by a new amendment.

The people might go further. They might defend not only humans in the womb, but all nonviable humans—all humans threatened with possible classification as being lacking the "capability of meaningful life." The infant suffering from genetic deficiencies, the retarded child, the insane or senile adult—all of these potential victims of a "quality of life" mystique could be defended by a Human Life Amendment to our Constitution. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

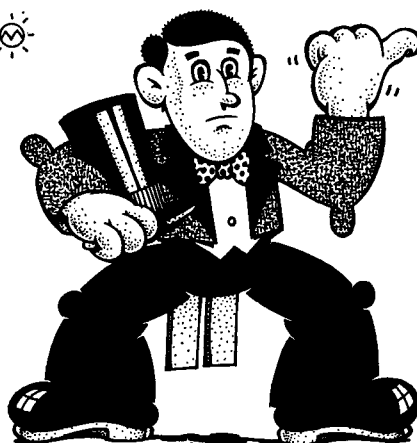
Balls

The tux rattles over my shoulder in its plastic bag: I am a giant locust, recently molted. The parade and the anti-parade dissipate to wisps around us. No cabs. For some reason my wife won't lie down in the middle of Pennsylvania Avenue—and she was such a good sport before we got married. Trick or treat: clown faces, skeleton faces, snuffbox-sized coffins, Santa Claus Nixon dropping napalm from a B-52 sleigh (made by Grumman), souvenir chunks of the Yippies' 25-foot rat. It's cold in D.C., getting colder. Subtly I stand on E Street, a \$20 bill blowing between my teeth. The cabbies pass by: On my time, everyone is suddenly moral. It's a matter of technique, I guess. My wife thinks I couldn't bribe Boss Tweed. The kids hitch easily; my thumb is impotent. They are cheerful, surprised: SDS and Yippies have made a very good showing today. Ring around the Washington Monument they've burned U.S. flags, conveniently half-staffed to shinny height for Harry Truman, a posthumous accomplice. We'll have to change for the ball right here, each in a His or Hers Port-O-San. Three hours and six Bloody Marys later, we get a cab.

The invitation reads: "Continuous bus service is provided from your hotel to the various balls." Nuts. A great gust of wind: hairdos brought intact from Biloxi and Grand Rapids explode like clay pigeons. Two hundred ballgoers shiver outside the hotel. We laugh at men without coats. A fat-cat Republican full moon is let off over the city. My wife and I have been assigned to the Smithsonian History and Technology Building. We judge this a slight: Real action has to be at the Kennedy

Center. No continuous buses. I haven't worn my tux since high school. There is a deep hanger crease across my body, jacket, shirt, cummerbund: I feel like a *Playboy* centerfold, unstapled and let loose. No buses. We run down to the avenue. Nixon owes me a cab fare.

Secret Service men root around in my wife's purse. She has taken out the big card I had printed: BANG, YOU'RE DEAD. Perhaps it's for the best. There is a line 45 minutes long in front of the



checkroom; men without coats laugh at us. My wife drapes her wrap over THE FIRST NUCLEAR REACTOR. Chic or not, the Smithsonian makes a terrific ball site. Bands play on three floors with early anemometers and primitive American art, in time to the super-carousel of nineteenth-century circus animals. Exhibits are half the entertainment: no way you can be bored. Live chickens in the Authentic Old Grist Mill exhibit hard-boil their eggs internally, flustered with jazz fear. Drinks are a buck-fifty each. Seventy-five hundred people at History and Technology alone; 37,000 altogether. At forty bucks a head I can't handle the zeros. Enough maybe to pay for ten orchestras here and eight dance groups, Serbs, Greeks, Irish, Norwegians: "heritage" acts—the now word that's supposed to make "ethnic" sound like a good thing.

These are ordinary people, by and large: clothing-store assistant managers, steamfitters, postal workers. Their relationship to Nixon, to the Republican Party seems tenuous at best, a matter of eighty bucks, cash in advance. Women sip from yard-high stacks of plastic glasses: souvenirs stamped "Inauguration '73," some shamelessly scavenged from trash barrels. Achilles tendons reddened around me, then break into blood: shoes worn for the first time, a size too small in honor of the President. Well, they'll have four years to heal. The private boxes go for a grand. They look like sties, the rich corralled; they want museum labels: WEALTHY REPUBLICAN FUND-RAISER AND FAMILY, FLOURISHED CIRCA 1972. Some of the ballgoers are libertine. Miss X has three décolletages no less: one in front, one for each armpit. We get plush souvenir books, a charm for the ladies, cufflinks for the men. Very nice. I wear only turtleneck sweaters, but maybe I'll have my ears pierced some day.

Spiro's broad voice. We've missed something. Rocky, Martha, Richardson are supposed to be here. So far, goose eggs. I've seen no one that I mightn't just as easily meet on the PATH tubes at nine Monday morning. I shoulder into a tight brickwork crowd, edging sideways, a sort of Australian crawl on foot. Body heat fogs my glasses. But the voice is nearer. I break through the front rank and there I am, face to face . . . with a public-address loudspeaker. Spiro is a floor below. My wife tosses pupils toward her eye-socket arches. I am a fool again. We escalate downward on the mechanical solecism. Not in time. The Vice President has left.

THE CROWD downstairs is mammoth, packed as molecules. And ugly. We learn to move in it. Passive resistance: no Australian crawl here, a dead man's float. My wife and I go into solution, so to speak. The crush is a giant, glad-handing drunk's arm across the shoulders. I am winded. TV lights wring sweat out. A shirt stud gives me caste marks at midforehead. But, after thirty minutes, we are only six rows away from a certain exit door. Nixon will come through it . . . two hours later.

This is dangerous. The young Secret Service men are frantic. I feel sorry for them: Only gigolos wear black tie more often. I can't raise my watch hand. That's hopeful: An assassin would prob-

ably shoot himself in the foot. Poke someone with your elbow and the poke is transmitted instantly across the Smithsonian. A man throws up. People stand, resigned, in his detritus. One, two, five women faint; some are still standing when they recover. We sense urgent pressure behind. Someone is coming through—Elliot Richardson, the musical-chairs Cabinet member. He wants to get up front. A six-foot steam-fitter says, simply, “No.” Elliot Richardson says, “I’m Elliot Richardson.” “I don’t give a f--- who you are.” Richardson retreats: not a Secretary of Defense, that’s for sure. What I breathe has been cycled and recycled through other lungs. My wife is jammed between six men. I’m going to name this crowd as correspondent.

Nixon comes through the door, grinning, exultant, making big arm Vs. The crowd yells. I glimpse him between ears, under armpits. In person he has a short man’s dynamism. He’s attractive; loose as a goose. Pat smiles. She’s got it grooved, she’s been saying cheese for three decades now. Tricia is lovely; Julie is her father’s child. A ten-minute address; a waltz in four-year time. The donkey’s lope of “Hail to the Chief.” Gone.

The ball collapses. People sieve through the garbage for souvenirs. The crease has been pressed out of my tux. And I wonder—does Nixon wonder?—who will dance in ’77? □

FILM

DAVID BRUDNOY

Cries and Whispers

Death is sometimes a more generous visitor than we know at first. More aware of life’s fragility, those remaining often draw closer together, attempting to sustain the loss of a loved one by touching each other more tenderly. That, along with release, frequently, from unendurable suffering, comprises Death’s benefaction to man. But after a moment of drawing nearer, the more permanent walls of separation often reappear. Then the cries of loneliness and the whispers of regret break the silences of intimate contact.

Ingmar Bergman has capped his



career with a magnificent achievement, a film that should be seen by anyone willing to submit himself to a chilling, haunting, wrenching experience. *Cries and Whispers* is enriched by Bergman’s vast experience in manipulating the technology of film; more than that, it is infused with his humanism. It is a warm, rich, lush movie, burnished with the heat of the reds and golds of the setting, yet held tensely between the whites of the women’s bedclothes and the blacks of death and despair.

Cries and Whispers, set in a handsome Swedish country estate near the end of the last century, opens in a silence broken only by the ticking of clocks. Within, dying, is Agnes (Harriet Andersson), attended by her servant Anna (Kari Sylwan) and her two married sisters, guilt-obsessed Karin (Ingrid Thulin) and lustful, teasing Maria (Liv Ullmann.) The relationships among these four women become clear only gradually. We know at first merely that three healthy women move soundlessly through the house, relieving each other at specified intervals in their death-watch, and that Agnes suffers hideous pain punctuated by brief moments of release. Flashbacks show the sisters as young girls, vying for their mother’s love; the mother is also played by Ullmann. One scene each is all that Bergman gives us to see the sisters with their husbands: Maria with hers the night after she has committed adultery with the family doctor, exuding an aura that drives her husband to a suicide attempt; and Karin mutilating her genitals one night before entering her husband’s bedroom to horrify him with her misery. Of Anna we learn only that she has lost a young daughter. Of Agnes we know little more than that she was the brooding child, never

married, stayed on in the family home.

As the film progresses, Bergman presents glimpses of the unbridgeable distances separating the sisters. Karin, the diplomat’s wife, says that her life is a “tissue of lies.” She cries out about her unendurable guilt. Maria, who, even in this period of impending death, tries to seduce the doctor once more—and this is a firm insight about the sexual feelings one can have especially because of, not merely despite, such stressful times—attempts also to reach out to Karin. But Karin resists, recoils from Maria’s touch, then suddenly, briefly, accepts her sister’s tenderness. We realize that they have never been close. Agnes’ death offers them one chance. At the end, they flee back to their proper wifely roles, dressed like their husbands in black, discussing the division of property and what to give or not to give the servant Anna before dismissing her.

If Agnes is the focus of attention, Anna provides the center of strength. She alone, not Agnes’ blood sisters, is able to reach into the wellsprings of emotion (to the memory, perhaps, of her daughter’s death) to love wholeheartedly the dying woman. A brilliant scene evokes the Pietà, as Anna cradles the agonized Agnes in her arms. Then, when Agnes is dead, and the parson has come to offer a remarkably naked prayer beseeching Agnes to intercede with God for the living, a dream sequence of dreadful power makes explicit the special capacity of Anna, and the inability of Maria and Karin, to express the love Agnes craved.

BRIEFLY: *The Heartbreak Kid* says little, but says it well. A callow young man, Lenny Cantrow, marries his nice Jewish sweetheart, Lila Kolodny. Then on his honeymoon he meets the *shiksa* of his dreams, Kelly Corcoran, rids himself of his “mistake,” Lila, and pursues Kelly to Minnesota to woo and wed her. Director Elaine May makes of Neil Simon’s script a little gem of a film, wrenching from her daughter, Jeannie Berlin, a Lila who can stand for a million nice Jewish girls, here one who probably deserves better than she gets. Charles Grodin’s enthusiasm for gratification cannot ennoble but does at least make vibrant Lenny’s single-minded devotion to getting Kelly. Cybill Shepherd as the blonde goddess exudes shallow beauty, and Eddie Albert as her obstinately WASPish

father exemplifies rectitude. Why Kelly would *want* a cad like Lenny is never clear. Still, the movie transcends its plot and offers wonderfully interesting people.

Up the Sandbox presents Barbra Streisand songless, but saddled with a professor husband, two bothersome children, and an armload of fantasies to spice up her humdrum unliberated existence. That the fantasies seem too rich for the hausfrau who peoples them, and the obvious alternative—a babysitter three days a week—incomprehensibly unthought of, makes this film an exercise in helter-skelter indulgence rather than in viable analysis. □

ART

RUTH BERENSON

Feminists Rampant

If you've been thinking Women's Lib, which hasn't been making quite so many headlines lately, is a dead issue, you're wrong so far as women in the arts are concerned. This year, women painters, sculptors, and art professors have been making a lot of noise, some of it raucous, some of it gentle and low—all of it aimed at demonstrating what a raw deal they've been given in their chosen professions.

First, in mid-January, women succeeded in dominating the usually sedate meetings of the College Art Association (the professional organization of art historians, museum personnel, and artist-teachers). Second, the New York Cultural Center came to the ladies' aid by mounting a show, "Women Choose Women," billed as "the first major museum exhibition in New York to focus on the work of women artists." Finally, the campaign to promote a greater representation of women in the Whitney Museum's biennial survey of contemporary American art was strikingly effective.

Except for a little dust-up during the late Sixties when young art historians emulated their colleagues in other disciplines by calling for more "relevance," meetings of the College Art Association have usually been scholarly and somnolent. This year, however, the women managed to inject a little electricity into

the atmosphere. Fresh-faced, blue-jeaned instructors hawked copies of the new *Feminist Art Journal* in the lobby of the Americana; panel discussions excoriated gallery owners for not giving women artists equal representation and accused museum directors of male chauvinism. A group of feminist scholars mounted a symposium on "Women in Art and Art History," devoted largely to resurrecting half-forgotten painters who happened to be women, among them one Sofonsiba Anguissola, a Bolognese gentlewoman patronized by Philip II of Spain; eighteenth-century Angelika Kauffman, who showed Goethe around Rome; and Susan Eakins, the misguided wife of the American painter, Thomas Eakins, who gave up her not very promising career to devote herself to his.

The women art historians, trained to be exact, got down to the nitty-gritty with statistics which do seem to indicate that they have a harder time making it than men. In the 1960s, women received around 30 per cent of all doctorates in art history, but occupy only 14.8 per cent of tenured faculty posts in colleges and universities. The fact that they hold nearly 26 per cent of the nontenured positions (assistant professorships and below) is, according to Ann S. Harris, Chairperson of the CAA's Women's Caucus, "a clear case of the higher, the fewer." Ms. Harris failed, however, to mention that full professorships are generally held by older scholars who received their PhDs in the 1950s or earlier—and there were no figures on how many of this older generation were women.

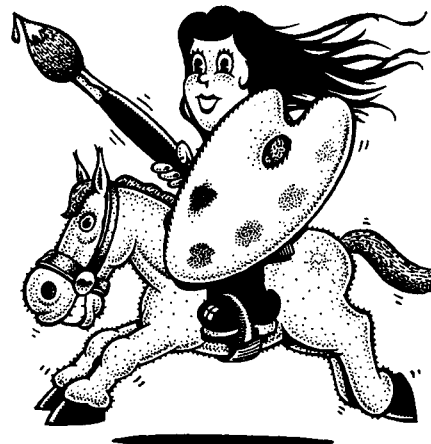
The "Women in the Arts" committee, which organized the "Women Choose Women" show, says it was turned down by the Brooklyn Museum, the Metropolitan, the Museum of Modern Art,

the Guggenheim, and the Whitney (all of whom did so, one assumes, on the plausible ground that art is sexless); only the Cultural Center gave an "immediate and sympathetic response" to their proposal for an exhibition.

With only 109 entries, the show obviously did not claim to be a cross-section of women's art in America today, though the indiscriminate aping of all the "isms," abstract and figurative, which have been floating around for the past twenty years would indicate that it is not unrepresentative; the very same "isms" were equally prominent in the Whitney biennial. What was surprising, considering that the show was ostensibly meant to prove that women artists were unjustly neglected, was that the catalogue listed only 14 exhibitors who seem never to have shown, either alone or in a group, nor to have had a teaching job. Most of the entrants taught and/or exhibited regularly, though often not in New York. There were a few well-known names, but others—Louise Nevelson, Mary Bauermeister, Helen Frankenthaler, Jane Wilson, for instance—were missing. Either they weren't invited, or they didn't want to make common cause with their militant sisters (Miss Nevelson, interviewed at length by Cindy Nemser in the Fall 1972 issue of *Feminist Art Journal*, refused, despite much prodding, to say she had ever suffered as an artist because of her sex).

THIS YEAR the militant women artists are taking credit for the fact that the Whitney biennial, chosen by the museum's curators, included 55 women, more than ever before. To this observer, the show's over-all level was a considerable improvement over recent years. Obviously, not every deserving artist can be included, but the Whitney's curators managed to come up with a number of unknowns, including Hannah Wilke, one of those listed in the "Women Choose Women" catalogue as never having exhibited.

My hunch is that everyone concerned with art is on the lookout for new and interesting artists, male or female; and I fear that it's often largely a matter of luck if an artist is "discovered" or "makes it" or gets reviewed in the *New York Times*. Gray rightly noted that "many a flower is born to blush unseen"—but he carefully omitted to specify the sex of the flower "wasting its sweetness on the desert air." □



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BOOKS

Revisionism, Ltd.

ROBERT D. NOVAK

The Kennedy Promise: The Politics of Expectation

By Henry Fairlie

Doubleday, 376 pp., \$7.95

Henry Fairlie, an iconoclastic English journalist in the Muggeridge manner who has lived and written in Washington since 1965, is himself guilty of raising false expectations in the first chapter of his remorseless autopsy of John F. Kennedy's Presidency. "[In Kennedy's] politics of expectation," he writes, "the people are encouraged to expect too much of their political institutions and political leaders." But, Mr. Fairlie adds, "The manna did not fall from heaven, and the people, in various guises, took to the streets." He concludes that the Kennedys "practiced a method of politics which is too exacting for a free society to bear without grievous dislocation."

Mr. Fairlie thus promises a cool-headed analysis by a non-involved foreigner of how John Kennedy's unfulfilled promises to perfect our society inevitably produced years of chaos following him. In the succeeding chapters, he returns now and again to that theme. For example: "... it was the purpose of John Kennedy to magnify . . . the feeling that he would intercede on their [the people's] behalf, if not with a divinity, at least with the forces which governed their lives." And again: "... they [Kennedy and his Administration] were driven by the fear that, if they did not act before the clock struck, they would all seem to be pumpkins. They aspired to greatness, not just occasionally, but all the time." And again: "... in the end, there is nowhere for a people so bemused to go but into the streets."

But it soon becomes quite clear in *The Kennedy Promise* that Mr. Fairlie is not really talking about Kennedy's unfulfilled pledges of perfectibility at home. On the contrary, he censures Kennedy for being too cautious and conservative on domestic questions, particularly civil rights. Kennedy "moved on the issue only when the Negro had already moved out of the courts into the streets." Whether Kennedy's public declarations of what government ought to do for the black man helped move him into the streets is not discussed in this book.

How then does Mr. Fairlie feel that Kennedy overexcited the American people? The answer soon emerges:

John F. Kennedy was all too much the cold warrior. He dislocated the free society by determining "to wage Total Cold War" (the author's capitals), his top national-security aides seeming "like hardened missiles themselves, called from Cold War Silos . . ." By page 317 when Mr. Fairlie excoriates Kennedy for irresponsibly provoking thermonuclear disaster during the Cuban missile crisis, it comes as no surprise.

So, *The Kennedy Promise*, for all of its first-chapter promise, fits easily into

commitments in Southeast Asia and elsewhere.

But Mr. Fairlie does not seem comfortable as a quasirevisionist. Midway through this uneven chronicle, he blurts out: "Whatever the revisionist historians of the cold war may now say, the United States since 1945 has been the upholder of a legitimate world order . . ." (adding that Kennedy, somehow, "was guilty of subverting the idea of legitimacy"). Earlier, he accepts the legality of the U.S. intervention in Vietnam, declines to discuss its morality, and even concedes a proper "imperial" role by the United States in Southeast Asia.

SINCE Mr. Fairlie is much stronger on majestic pronouncements than closely reasoned arguments, just what in the world he is talking about is not entirely clear. But I would tentatively suggest two possible explanations for the contradictions here:

First, Mr. Fairlie appears to be very,



K. Sambar

the bookshelf, now growing at a furious rate, of cold-war revisionist literature. Mr. Fairlie joins with the revisionists in listing John F. Kennedy as a trigger-happy fomenter of international conflict and swings into step with the revisionist transmogrification of Dwight D. Eisenhower into a closet dove who would have abandoned the nation's

very English and therefore frightfully embarrassed by some aspects of American political and social life (coming from "a demure constitutional monarchy," he expresses horror at the American public's emotionalism over the death of a President, not only John F. Kennedy's but Franklin D. Roosevelt's as well). What may be bothering

him most about Kennedy is that he attempted to pick up Britannia's burden of empire in a very un-British way.

In fact, despite his early concession of an "imperial mission" for Americans, he really doubts they are suited for it: "... the work of empire ... is not for them. Even when they are dispatched abroad for brief tours of duty, the comforts of home must be supplied to them, and Bob Hope sent to them as a den mother." Kennedy, he adds, summoned "the American people to the imperial mission, while concealing its meaning and the cost; to undertake it in the role in which they are accustomed—as tourists." In those revealing phrases, there is vastly more of Colonel Blimp than Noam Chomsky.

THE SECOND explanation for Mr. Fairlie's internal contradictions is that, put bluntly, he simply does not know much about the Kennedy Administration. He was not present in Washington during the Kennedy years and, writing nine years after Kennedy's assassination, inexplicably relies on secondary sources of 1961-1963, especially left-wing periodicals. *The Nation* is quoted 14 times, *The New Republic* 13 times, and I. F. Stone's old newsletter 8 times.

No wonder then that Kennedy comes out here as an extreme superhawk, and no hint is given that Pentagon and State Department hardliners considered him excessively soft in handling Berlin, Laos, and certainly Cuba. Incredibly, Mr. Fairlie condemns Kennedy's Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara, for accepting "the idea of rationally controlled escalation toward ultimate thermonuclear war." He apparently is unaware that the Kennedy defense policy—as shaped by Kennedy, McNamara, and General Maxwell Taylor—was based on refusal to ratify the Eisenhower Administration's acceptance of nuclear war as a rational possibility. As an alternative, Kennedy wanted to build a non-nuclear deterrent, did so, and, consequently, made feasible the massive intervention in Vietnam which would have been logistically impossible under the nuclear-oriented Eisenhower Administration.

The Kennedy Promise manages to get a great many other things exactly wrong. Mr. Fairlie condemns a lack of dissenting opinion within the Kennedy Administration, in apparent ignorance of incessant civil war there on key foreign-policy questions. He implies Ken-

nedy might not have been sucked into Vietnam had he heeded the State Department bureaucracy, which actually was strongly interventionist. He badly exaggerates Kennedy's neglect of domestic affairs and even suggests that Kennedy, the greatest arm-twister in the White House experienced by Congress until then, did not pass more of his domestic program because he did not push hard for it. A passing reference to the three-year tax-reform fight has everything wrong: the facts (even the years involved) and the analysis (including Kennedy's alleged desire to appease big business).

Yet, for all his mangling of reality, Mr. Fairlie's overriding insight of what was wrong with Kennedy is worth considering. Near the end, he describes the impact on the public of the Kennedy years: "If a leader of such exceptional vigors, commanding an Administration of such unusual talents, could not achieve his purposes, there must be something at fault with the political institutions that balked him." Thus the danger to a free society posed by the politics of expectation. The pity is that Mr. Fairlie did not seriously explore that danger, undiverted by quasirevisionistic humbug about the cold war in the 1960s and bolstered by research into what really happened at Camelot. □

Databanks in a Free Society: Computers, Record-Keeping, and Privacy

Computer Science & Engineering Board of the National Academy of Sciences. Alan F. Westin, Project Director, and Michael A. Baker, Assistant Project Director
Quadrangle, 522 pp., \$12.50

A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

This is the kind of book you get when a foundation puts up the dough, a hundred busy researchers hit the road, and a committee writes the report. Everything is here but the one thing that makes a book: a single intelligence acting as the author, the authority, sitting in command over a body of data.

The first few hundred pages of the book are, in fact, raw material, awaiting discussion in book form. All of this is mildly interesting: There's a good description of computer technique in lay language; interesting snapshots of computer programs in several federal agencies, four commercial businesses, four nonprofit organizations; gossipy reports from visits to 55 installations of "advanced" computer systems. If this is the kind of thing you like, then you'll like this kind of thing—as Lincoln said, once, about performing dogs. Or was it professors?

The last seventy pages or so are what fascinate me. And in order to tell you why, I must go back a few years and let you see how ideas have changed. Back in 1960 a certain amount of public concern developed over the sociological survey that was sent to every fourth house during, and in association with, the decennial enumeration of the population (the census). Many people, me included, objected to the "household survey" (whilst complying with the enumerative survey, which was separate) on the grounds that it was an invasion of privacy, claiming protection under the Fourth Amendment.

THE left-liberals never cottoned up to this campaign, but they did indeed grab one aspect of the general situation and create, for many years, a drum-rattle of protest and publishing. What they took for their pet peeve was computers per se. A simple invasion of privacy, as when my neighbor asks me how many toilets I have and the Federal Government threatens me with a jail sentence if I refuse to answer, was of no interest to these selective libertarians. But if there was a computer involved, then they went to work on the battlements of liberty, ho-ho. Beneath it all, I suspect, was the left-liberal desire to find an axe handle to beat Big Business with. There is a Lester Maddox in every little leftist, don't you doubt it. For ten years, in the pages of this journal, as every new book about "computers and privacy" came off the portside press, this reviewer insisted that the problem was not computers, but government coercion, and it seemed no one was listening.

Lo and behold. Here comes old baddie Alan Westin, with the courage to change his opinions: "Our first dis-

covery was that no person we asked in 55 organizations reported to us an instance in which unauthorized access to a computer file of personal data had been obtained in his organization solely through technical means and without inside information or assistance. We also asked whether they had heard about any episodes of intrusion by outsiders into computerized files taking place in organiza-



tions similar to theirs—other banks, law - enforcement agencies, credit bureaus, welfare agencies, etc. No specific episodes were reported. In addition, we talked to security specialists from several computer manufacturers, software houses, and consulting firms, asking the same question. One of these, Robert H. Courtney, manager of data security and privacy [manager of privacy!] for IBM's System Development Division, had visited hundreds of computer installations during the past five years, talking to installation managers about security breaches or problems they were encountering. None of these experts could recall an instance where complete outsiders had, without inside knowledge or aid from a cooperating employee, gained unauthorized access to computerized files to obtain information about individuals contained there."

This passage concludes with the manly admission that the left-liberals have been barking up the wrong tree all these years: "Our purpose in focusing on intrusion into files by outsiders acting alone is to point up the difference between what we found and the fears which civil libertarians have expressed." Better late than never.

Again, in the general conclusion, we learn that ten years of left-liberal propaganda can be scrubbed from the record: "... computer usage has not created the revolutionary new powers of data surveillance predicted by some commentators [a dainty reference to themselves]. Specifically, the great majority of organizations we studied are not, as a result of computerizing their records, collecting or exchanging more detailed personal information about individuals than they did in the pre-computer era ... computerization is definitely bringing some important increases in the efficiency of organizational record-keeping. ... However,

even where these increases in efficiency are taking place, organizational policies which affect individual rights are still generally following pre-computer patterns in each field of record-keeping. ... in those instances where new legal measures or public pressures have led to an extension of individual rights in particular areas of record-keeping, computerized systems have been as responsive as manual systems in putting such changes into effect."

Now that the little electrical gizmos are exonerated, perhaps we can address ourselves to the question of the 1980's census and the associated household survey. Will it, once more, be a federal crime to refuse to talk about one's toilets and bathtubs? That is the question of privacy, pure and simple, and there's where the battle for genuine personal freedom must be waged. Professor Westin and his colleagues deserve credit (C+, maybe B-) for moving their discussion toward the heart of the matter.

Seven years to the next census. Eleven to 1984. □

Land Use without Zoning

By Bernard H. Siegan

Heath, 271 pp., \$10

AN ISSUE UP FOR GRABS

MARTIN ANDERSON

Most people probably think of zoning as a pleasant device that protects them from the possibility of suddenly having a gasoline station or any other noisy, unaesthetic commercial venture built next door, as something that will preserve the "character" of the neighborhood in general and the financial investment in their homes in particular. Rarely is zoning opposed in principle, although builders often try to gain exemptions from local zoning laws for a special piece of property. Zoning has become a real American tradition, especially beloved by the relatively well-off, homeownership members of the community. Its acceptance is bipartisan, so thoroughly so that it almost never surfaces as a political issue.

Land Use without Zoning may change all this. Bernard Siegan's new

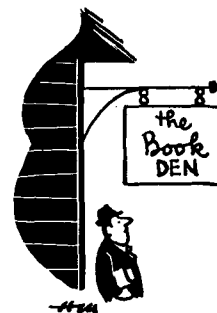
book is a pioneering work that gives us information and insights about zoning that we did not have before.

Mr. Siegan shows that zoning violates the fundamental rights of property (which should give conservative Republicans something to think about), reduces the supply of housing, increases its cost, and tends to be racially exclusive in its net effects (which should give both Democrats and Republicans something to think about). Moreover, for those who favor zoning because they believe it will preserve the value of their homes, some of the facts that Siegan has turned up will prove unsettling; a careful examination will show that zoning is economically disadvantageous to many.

Mr. Siegan's work is quite thorough; he carefully examines the legal, economic, and political aspects of zoning. Moreover, he has buttressed his theoretical arguments with a detailed analysis of a city that has no zoning laws. Houston is one of the largest, fastest-growing cities in the United States. He shows conclusively, in my judgment, that the lack of zoning in Houston has worked to the advantage of the citizens of that unusual community.

Mr. Siegan concludes by recommending simply that all zoning in the United States be eliminated. Looking at his facts and arguments it would be hard to conclude otherwise, although I am sure many will. But it will be difficult for Mr. Siegan's critics to handle his arguments, especially with the very practical example of Houston as Exhibit A.

In any event this is a book whose effects will be felt, although, like all analyses leading to recommendations for radical change, it will undoubtedly



Robert D. Novak writes a syndicated column with Rowland Evans. . . . **William Rickenbacker** publishes Rickenbacker Report. . . . **Martin Anderson**, a former aide to President Nixon, is a Senior Fellow at the Hoover Institution, Stanford. . . . **Peter Witoski** has a book due from Arlington House. . . . **Gordon Tullock** is at the Center for Public Choice, Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

take many years for the ideas and new facts to take hold and spread. Mr. Siegan points out that in one case where zoning became a political issue the vote divided along economic lines—it was opposed by the less affluent and favored by the more affluent. It should be interesting to see which political party has the foresight to get on the right side of the zoning issue first. □

FICTION

A Universal History of Infamy
By Jorge Luis Borges

Dutton, 146 pp., \$6.95

BORGES OF THE PAMPAS

PETER WITONSKI

It seems unlikely that the great South American authors of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries will ever garner the kind of audience they deserve in this country; but we can at least take some solace in the fact that contemporary Latin American literature is gradually attracting a substantial English-speaking following as it becomes more widely available in often excellent translations. In recent years the books of Jorge Amado, García Márquez, Pablo Neruda, Julio Cortázar, and, above all, Don Jorge Luis Borges have been published here.

Unfortunately, the South American works to which all the international kudos have gone have been the products of writers belonging to the primitive Left, writers of books suffused with an eloquent but tedious hatred of the Yanqui gringo. Quite often, as in the case of Pablo Neruda's poems and plays, artistic merit compensates for some of the almost Pavlovian anti-American invective, even though it does not make the anti-Americanism any less insipid.

But there is one notable exception, one writer who refuses to follow the leftist line of his brothers and even revels in his love of America and his passionate hatred of the Left. Most interestingly, this is the writer most highly regarded by his peers throughout Latin America for his genius as a poet, storyteller, and critic—Jorge Luis Borges of Argentina. Borges is also the most widely read South American writer in America—and the rest of the

RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: Harrison Salisbury chronicles his travels *To Peking—and Beyond* (Quadrangle, \$7.95). . . . Finis Farr's latest bio portrays *O'Hara* (Little, Brown, \$8.50). . . . John Dewey's *Lectures in China, 1919-1920* have just been rediscovered (U. of Hawaii, \$12). . . . Marxist George Lichtheim's *Collected Essays* bear a capitalistic price tag of \$15 (Viking). . . . Arthur Krock pens another memoir, *Myself When Young: Growing Up in the 1890s* (Little, Brown, \$6.95). . . . A fat biography of German nobleman *Helmuth von Moltke: A Leader against Hitler* from Michael Balfour and Julian Frisby (St. Martin's, \$16.95). . . . Able reporter Edward Jay Epstein weighs TV bias in *News from Nowhere*, takes issue with Edith Efron (Random, \$7.95). . . . For the same publisher, W. H. Auden offers a collection of his literary essays, *Forewords and Afterwords* (\$15).

Psychiatrist Burton N. Wixen analyzes *Children of the Rich*, finds a common personality defect (Crown, \$5.95). . . . *Young Winston's Wars* collects the dispatches of Churchill, 1897-1900, from India, the Sudan, and South Africa (Viking, \$8.95). . . . *The World of Time, Inc.*, second volume of Robert R. Elson's official history, spans the Forties and Fifties (Atheneum, \$10). . . . Harvard prof John Clives etches *Macaulay* (Knopf, \$15). . . . Paul

Blanshard, socialist and bete noire of yesteryear's American Catholics, out with his memoirs, *Personal and Confidential* (Beacon, \$7.95). . . . Stephen (Our Crowd) Birmingham off on a chatty tour of *The Right Places* (Little, Brown, \$8.95). . . . Arthur King Peters traces the relationship of homosexuals *Jean Cocteau and André Gide* (Rutgers, \$12.50). . . . *Ten Cents on the Dollar: The Bankruptcy Game* by Sidney Rutberg is likely to ruffle a certain kind of lawyer and accountant (Simon & Schuster, \$6.95).

■ APRIL TITLES. Robert Payne was bound to get around to *The Life and Death of Adolf Hitler* (Praeger, \$12.95). . . . *The Buckleys: A Family Examined* is by Charles Lam Markmann (Morrow, \$8.95). . . . More Rooseveltiana, this one from son Elliott: *An Untold Story: The Roosevelts of Hyde Park* (Putnam, \$7.95). . . . *Interpretations and Forecasts 1922-1972* is a collection by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, \$12.95). . . . Roger Parkinson reviews Britain's darkest hour in *Blood, Toil, Tears and Sweat* (McKay, \$6.95). . . . Let's hope you never need to read it, but Barbara Howell's *Don't Bother To Come in Monday* tells you what to do if you get fired (St. Martin's, \$4.95).

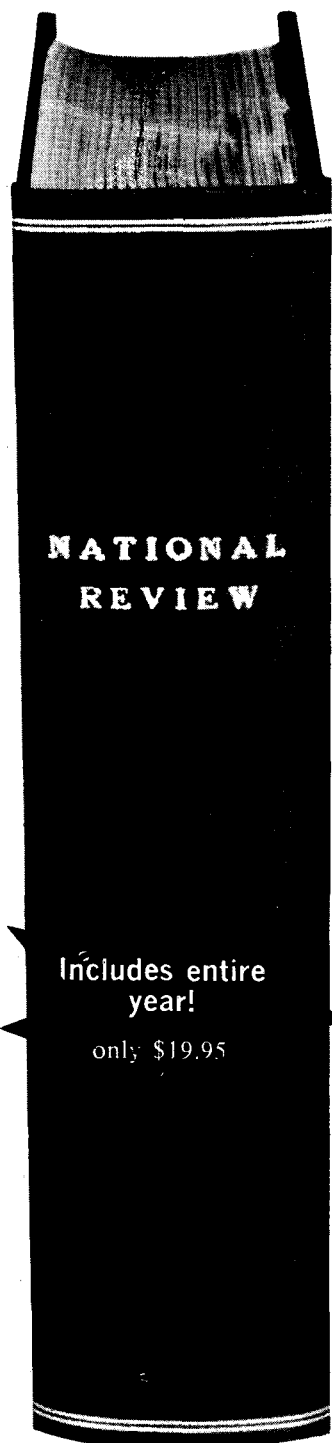
■ PRESS: Readership of Catholic publications off 6,517,000 (22 per cent) to 22,805,000 from 1967 to 1972. Between 1965 and 1971, 180 Catholic publications died.

world for that matter. His poems and *ficciones* have been brilliantly translated into English by Borges himself, with the assistance of his young American colleague Norman Thomas di Giovanni. Oddly enough, Borges has been championed in America mainly by left-wing writers and critics, and one can only suppose that they are unfamiliar with his fame throughout Latin America as an advocate of political and literary conservatism and as an opponent of left-wing causes of all kinds.

BORGES CANNOT be pigeonholed. Just as his political opinions fail to conform to the trendy leftism which prevails in Latin American literary circles, so too his literary work defies easy categorization. In literature as in politics, Borges is his own man. The Franco-Iberian influence, which dominates the work of most other South American writers (who have looked to France and Spain for spiritual food), is nowhere to be found in his work. Unlike other Argentinians of his class and generation, his first love was English literature. As a child he learned English from his Eng-

lish grandmother, and precociously devoured the many English books in his father's library. The writers he seems most to enjoy citing are English writers, from the anonymous Anglo-Saxon author of *Beowulf* (which he has lectured on for many years now at the University of Buenos Aires) to Tennyson, Andrew Lang, Walt Whitman, and G. K. Chesterton. In truth, of course, he is the universal bookman. As the Director of the National Library in Buenos Aires he lives in a world of books, books which his blindness now prevents him from reading, but which continue to inspire his creative fancy.

Borges' grasp of world literature is one of the fundamental elements of his art, but he is no mere literary cosmopolite, divorced from the culture of his native Argentina. On the contrary, he is profoundly Argentinian, and his many references to the literature and culture of his native land may be missed by the reader unfamiliar with Argentina. Borges the bookman is drawn to the literature of the world, which he enjoys citing with mock-pantry; but Borges the man is drawn



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to what he has called "the implacable pampas" of Argentina. The so-called "gaucho poetry" that is personified in José Hernández' epic *Martin Fierro*—perhaps the most Argentinian of all Argentinian literary works—continues to inspire Borges as it does no other contemporary Argentinian writer. His many references to the knife-play and philosophy of the gaucho serve to emphasize this point.

In his autobiographical story, "The South," a bookish librarian leaves his post shortly after spending some time in a sanitarium, to recover his roots at his family's ranch in the pampas, only to find himself caught up in a dagger fight with a gaucho. "He felt," writes Borges, "that to die in a knife fight, under the open sky, and going forward to the attack, would have been a liberation, a joy, a festive occasion. . . . He felt that if he had been able to choose, then, or to dream his death, this would have been the death he would have chosen or dreamt." The lines written by Francisco de Quevedo after the death of his patron, the Duke of Osuna, "*Y su epitafio es la sangrienta luna*" ("and his epitaph is the blood-stained moon") well sum up Borges' very Argentinian view of death.

IT WAS while convalescing from the severe illness reflected in "The South" that Borges began writing the short *ficciones* that make up *A Universal History of Infamy*, originally published in 1935. The collection marked the beginning of Borges' unique method of storytelling. These *ficciones* are not typical short stories. They are often based on real events, and vary in length from one or two paragraphs to a few pages. As his eyesight began to



fail, the *ficciones* became shorter and shorter, and in them Borges has tried to compress whole novels, vast ranges of emotion and experience.

In *A Universal History of Infamy* we have a collection of Borges' favorite character types, the punks and toughs of this world, whose meaningless lives derive some meaning from their deaths. In "The Street-Corner Man," the center-piece of the work, we are told the

story of a young hoodlum known as The Butcher, who, on the night of his greatest achievement, having established himself as the toughest knifeman in Vila Santa Rita, is knifed to death, stripped of every cent and trinket he possessed, and tossed out a window. *A Universal History of Infamy* is Borges at his best, and I can think of no more diverting reading than that. □

The Politics of a Guaranteed Income: The Nixon Administration and the Family Assistance Plan

By Daniel P. Moynihan

Random House, 579 pp., \$15

IRONIES AND PUZZLES

GORDON TULLOCK

The principal criticism of this book is that it is too long. Few people, and certainly not this reviewer, want to read so much about how even a rather important bill failed to get through Congress. But as would be expected of a book by Professor Daniel P. Moynihan, it is extremely well written and contains brilliant insights and fascinating brief vignettes.

Leaving the matter of length and detail aside, however, the book is in general a model of its kind. A man who has participated in great events (or, in this case, nonevents) is both especially qualified by reason of his knowledge and disqualified by reason of his probable emotional involvement for writing a study of the events. A great many of these men have taken advantage of the opportunity, some—like Professor Moynihan—attempting to suppress their own natural biases. Few have been completely successful and Professor Moynihan is not one of them; indeed, he does not claim to be. He has, however, done quite well on this score.

The welfare system is, and has been for some time, in a state of crisis. The reasons for this are a little obscure, but surely the fact that "by the end of the [Sixties], social services had expanded so greatly that a dependent family that optimized its situation . . . could have an equivalent income at least equal to and probably above that of the average

New York family," was an important factor. Professor Moynihan also puts a great deal of emphasis on essentially sociological factors, but I think the height of the welfare payments was the principal reason. In any event, it was clear that the "bold reform program of the Thirties and Forties and Fifties and beyond" had failed.

Under the circumstances, new ideas were needed and the new idea chosen happened to have been invented by the most distinguished living conservative economist, Milton Friedman. Indeed, as Professor Moynihan points out, a great many of the modern left ideas are essentially the positions that were advocated by the Right 10 to 15 years ago.

THE BULK of the book consists of an account of the way in which the idea of a negative income tax gradually developed into a bill which, in turn, was distorted to the point where Milton Friedman himself recommended that it not be passed. The account is, I think, well done, although of course it depends a good deal on judgments by its author as to the importance of various elements. The final outcome, in which the bill was stopped by a combination of the Left and the Right, is both ironic and, in a way, dramatically fitting.

Professor Moynihan points out that the welfare bureaucracy and the most vocal client organizations had strong material motives to oppose the change to a new system. These groups were both composed of people whose income was well above the poverty level and it was likely that the bill would reduce that income, and it certainly would not increase it. Indeed, the fact that the War on Poverty gave many relatively well-paid jobs to intellectuals and middle-class persons may have been its major political importance. It certainly did very little for the poor.

Like everyone else, Professor Moynihan seems to have difficulty understanding President Nixon. Indeed, his wonderment as to why Nixon chose to adopt the negative income tax appears intermittently throughout the book. The peculiar organization of the executive branch, with a large number of liberal Democrats holding appointive positions, also puzzles Professor Moynihan; although, since he was one of them himself, he certainly does not object to it. He does refer to the absence of a strong

body of conservative intellectuals upon whom the government could rely for ideas. This is particularly ironic when one deals with the negative income tax. It is notable that neither Friedman nor the people closely associated with him seem to have been deeply involved in the actual implementation of his basic idea. This is not the only area where the Nixon Administration has failed to make use of available intellectual and technical expertise that is not drawn from liberal Democrats. In the field of macro-economics, the economic profession largely divides into two groups: the Keynesians and the monetarists. The monetarists are almost without exception Republicans. It is notable that no prominent monetarist has been deeply involved in the macro-economic policy of the Administration.

But these are puzzles which neither Professor Moynihan nor the reviewer can solve. Altogether, it seems to me that, granted the decision to write a book of this length on this particular subject matter, Moynihan has done very well. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE TWILIGHT OF GOLD 1914-1936, by Melchior Palyi (*Regnery*, 365 pp., \$15). It was Dr. Palyi's great lifetime conviction that an international gold standard is the cornerstone of stable trade, real economic growth, and personal freedom. The essentials of the standard are: free convertibility of all non-gold money at a fixed "parity"; free minting and melting of gold for private use; and free movement of gold (also labor) within and across national borders. A gold standard on these terms was largely observed throughout the civilized world in the half-century before Sarajevo, with most beneficial results. But efforts to reconstruct the system after the Great War and its upheavals faltered and eventually failed completely; by 1936 the gold standard was a ruin. Dr. Palyi's recondite study, published posthumously, examines the causes of its disintegration—everything from vast war-inspired changes in social and political thought to the untimely headaches of Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. Serious students will welcome the rich detail and the somewhat revisionist approach, particularly where it is at odds with the Chicago School's explanation of the origins of the Great Depression. They might also wonder, however, at the author's implicit acceptance of a governmental gold

standard at pegged prices as superior to freely traded private money, gold, and other. Professors Kemmerer and Wiegand, who assembled the manuscript from Dr. Palyi's notes, deserve much credit. Not so the clods in the promotion department who wrapped this distinguished work in a truly hideous orange dustjacket and repeatedly misspelled the author's name in the accompanying press release.

T. J. WHEELER

MY STILLNESS, by Paul Griffith (*Vanguard*, 184 pp., \$6.95). The adult narrator of this short novel focuses on that period during his childhood when his family came apart at the seams and he sought the "stillness" (a somewhat imaginary sense of peace and security) that would enable him to survive the crisis and heartbreak. Charlie J's father, a successful doctor, but a bitter, unhappy man, takes up with another woman, and Charlie's mother is comforted—if that's the word—by her sister-in-law Margaret, an eccentric, God-loving, meddlesome woman. While the foolish adults do battle, wearing themselves out emotionally, Charlie J, the eight-year-old observer, is left out in the cold. He tries to understand the senseless business which, unbeknownst to the principals involved, is draining and hurting him as well. Mr. Griffith's novel is sincere and human enough and quite well written, but it falls apart before it has a chance to go anywhere. The subtle struggle of the quartet (husband, wife, mistress, meddler) is abandoned in midstream, and several unconvincing, though "strong," scenes are developed instead—a chaotic Fourth of July picnic, Aunt Margaret's breakdown, Charlie's hernia operation. The reader is left unsatisfied. Charlie's mother remains a rather fuzzy figure. His aunt is not quite believable—one can't imagine that this seemingly wall-bound soul has traveled abroad with a lesbian. And we can't make much sense of his cold, angry father—even with the author's pop-psychological conception of an early, traumatic brother-sister sex episode. Mr. Griffith should have had more confidence in his ability to tell a small, quiet story quietly. R. DE FEO

BYRON'S DAUGHTER, by Catherine Turney (*Scribners*, 320 pp., \$8.95). The Byronic wretched excesses included incest and in due course produced Medora Leigh, daughter of Byron's half-sister. Medora, understandably, was a difficult girl, "... a nineteenth-century delinquent." But history, the author believes, didn't treat Medora fairly, and she makes a case. For Medora was handled very badly. Through the muddle-headedness of her mother and the kinky connivance of her sister, the child was, at 14, impregnated by that sister's husband. They locked her up, but she escaped with the husband

to France. He used her cruelly, she underwent a religious conversion, wrestled free of the man, entered a convent, but then had to leave in a month—she was pregnant again. Medora and her baby, on the brink of starvation, were rescued by Byron's widow, who took them back to England. But they couldn't get on and Medora fled to France again with the baby. Destitute, she hired out as a chambermaid. (Medora's mother, at this time, was lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria.) A soldier fell in love with her, married her, and took her to his village. There, as the wife of an illiterate French peasant she gained a measure of self-respect. Briefly. For she died at 35, a year after her marriage. A melodramatic tale, and after reading it, it's difficult to accuse the Victorians of overplotting their novels. But Catherine Turney makes of the story a well-written social history, and if there is a fault at all it lies in the deliberate underplaying of the drama. Byron believed absolutely in the curse of the Byrons. His sister died a destitute floozy, his widow a self-justifying shrew. His legitimate daughter, a great beauty, became hooked on gambling and died of cancer, still entangled with the bookies. Of Medora's children, the son was a ne'er-do-well, the daughter, by modern standards even worse, ended as a nun. Curse? "Like most superstitions," says the author, "its truth depends largely on coincidence." Well, perhaps. She's a smart woman. Nevertheless, I'm glad I'm not related to the Byrons. P. S. COYNE

DEATH BY MELANCHOLY, *Essays on Modern Southern Fiction*, by Walter Sullivan (*Louisiana State*, 133 pp., \$5.95). Walter Sullivan is a passionate man. He has but one thing to say: that the Southern novel died when the South died—when it lost cultural unity and spiritual drive to urbanization and a chronic immanentizing of the eschaton. True, I guess: And the prognosis is pretty hopeless. He even presumes to suggest that the great ideological act in literature—Joyce's rejection of Christianity for the little epiphanies of art—was not only the beginning of an end in fiction, but also the beginning of an end in Joyce. He says—what temerity—"I don't think *Ulysses* is a good book." Something I've long suspected. The blessed thing about *Ulysses* is: Having been done once, no one need do it again. . . . thank God. Sullivan may be a Christian, he makes Christian noises, but he seems afraid to come out and say it. He hedges politely. He makes his point in the name of Literary Criticism (which is probably a sect of the Unitarian Church by now). As one of the last four Christian novelists in the world, I applaud Sullivan, but his essays overlap stupidly and there is far too much repetition in the book.

D. K. MANO

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[William A. Paton]

Can We Sustain Prosperity?

We can't put our feet back on the path that may lead, eventually, to the highest peak, unless we abandon the downhill track on which we are now chugging along toward the mistaken goal of complete government control and operation—the socialist state.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 241)

vironmentalism on economic growth, characterizes it as 1) a logically indefensible idea of happiness, generating 2) privilege, which is 3) a threat to the general standard of living ["The Myth of Environmental Catastrophe," Nov. 24].

First, the author's idea of "happiness" is that, "It is an ethical judgment and nobody can prove that somebody else's view as to what constitutes happiness is wrong in any way." I think his idea of "happiness" and his "view as to what constitutes happiness" are wrong. On this point, I would tend to agree with William F. Buckley Jr. (NR, April 20, 1957) that: "... the educational experience of recorded civilization ... has yielded certain conclusions in the realm of values." This includes, I think, ethical values by which an idea of happiness that heedlessly abuses and endangers one's fellows may be adjudged wrong.

Second, concerning Mr. Beckerman's application of the term "privilege," whose special right has it been to breathe fresh air, and what general right has been thereby derogated? Who conferred, or may rescind the "privilege"? This is privilege only in the sense that a citizen is "privileged" to vote, or that anyone is "privileged" to live.

Third, Mr. Beckerman uses the term "standards of living" in the context of a dependent variable upon economic growth. I agree with him on the centrality of the living standard to the idea of "progress." However, it is unrealistic of Mr. Beckerman to delete, under the heading of "privilege," from a reckoning of the living standard the availability of good water, fresh air, and aesthetic indulgence in either. I consider that to be indicative of, in the author's own phrase, a "self-denying, ascetic philosophy."

Bridgeport, Conn.

QUINN ROBERTS

... and the Environment

In the December 22 issue, we find Thomas Jukes, in his review of Maddox' book, *The Domsday Syndrome*, lumping together everyone from the New Left fad-dists to "St." Rachel Carson and indicting all in one indiscriminate brush stroke. This may indeed be the point of Maddox' book, but it is a point with which Professor Jukes sympathizes. Only a page after the Jukes-Maddox festival, we find Douglas Cooper, in his otherwise excellent review of K. D. Whitehead's *Respectable Killing*, writing: "What will our descendants think of a society that seemed to care more for 'endangered species' than for embryonic human beings?" Does Mr. Cooper mean to imply that these concerns are mutually exclusive?

It should be pointed out, however, that the main difficulty regarding the natural environment will not be overcome by the conflicting arguments and evidence of sci-

entists. No one could deny that science and technology must be used to deal with the negative effects of their own history and use. The problem is not primarily one of tools; it is one of approach, of frame of reference. Nature must be respected as an end in itself. Perhaps without God this is not possible. Medieval and Renaissance men believed in the existence of an organic correspondence among and between all the creatures and beings, bodies and planets, etc. in the divinely ordered universe. We, on the other hand, are ruled by a mechanical and mystical notion of a struggle against nature.

Have you been taken in by the Marxist-atheist dogma that nature is a mechanism merely to be used and conquered?

New York, N.Y.

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Say, Wasn't Nixon Right?

On The Right

Gstaad, Feb. 16—Forgive me if it just happens that I missed them, but in fact I have not seen anything from the Great Denunciators about the success of President Nixon's December bombings. I thought, for instance, that Gloria Emerson might rise from the catacombs to which she repaired after the bombings resumed, in order to express a word or two of gratitude that the war is, so to speak, ended; but she has not been heard from. Perhaps she is writing a mea culpa—it would in her case take time, notwithstanding her training in deadlines.

Tom Wicker wrote in mid-bombing, "... why *should* bombing a people make them want to deal in good faith?" Well, why *did* bombing a people make them want to deal in good faith? Why doesn't Mr. Wicker tell us? The *New York Times*, at about the same period, was very pointed on the matter. "The American bombs . . . have dimmed prospects not only for peace in Indochina but for the wider detente for which all mankind has prayed." Well, in fact the American bombs didn't dim, but clearly enhanced prospects for peace in Indochina where, as a matter of fact, things are at this moment almost preternaturally peaceful, by Indochinese standards. What about it? We fear that the cat has got hold of the *New York Times'* tongue, though the silence is probably worth it, come to think of it.

Mr. James Reston, also of the *New York Times*, said that the bombing was "war by tantrum." Well, if it was, then he should meditate on whether strategy by tantrum is necessarily undesirable, inasmuch as this one clearly paid off. Anthony Lewis, also of the *New York Times*, said that Mr. Nixon, in ordering the bombing, was behaving "like a maddened tyrant." Two weeks later we had peace. Mr. Lewis would appear to be obliged either to diminish his respect for peace, or else increase his respect for maddened tyranny, no?

But, my children, it is altogether obvious how these doctrinaire gentlemen are going to handle this sequence of events. They will in the first place try to ignore them. If that does not work, they will say that after all, the

November terms, rejected by Nixon, are not substantially different from the January terms, accepted by Nixon. The answer to that is: The people best equipped to judge the differences—the South Vietnamese—accepted the January terms, having rejected the November terms. A supplementary point is that the November terms were different from the October terms, the North Vietnamese having backslid during the interval that stretched through the American election.

Or they will say—it has already been said to me—in what sense did the bombing figure at all? The answer is: It must have figured in *some* way. One can understand people who say that the bombing would have a negative effect, i.e., that it would harden the opposition of the people. Or the opposite, that it would embolden the peace party in Hanoi. Hardly that it would be without effect. People do not go about not noticing the disappearance of their capital city. As it happens, the bombing turned Le Duc Tho into a parade marshal at Nixon's Inaugural.

No, a sensible reading is this: Bombing, unless it is done with crushing force over a period of time sufficient to knock off critically needed lubricants of war (see, e.g., the memoirs of Albert Speer), doesn't do much good under firm leadership over a united country. The bombing of the early years under Lyndon Johnson was not of a character either to divide the people, or to cripple the warmaking potential. When Richard Nixon decided finally to bomb, he decided to bomb definitively, and he decided to do so at a moment when the peace group within the presidium at Hanoi was on the defensive. The doves, as we look back on it, were in the saddle in October. In November, when Nixon was re-elected and did not immediately take tough military measures, the hawks gained the ascendancy. The bombing reversed their positions. During this period, held up to the world by Olof Palme and others of the Hieronymus Bosch school of U.S. diplomacy as a rebirth of Hiroshima, Dresden, and Ravensbrück, 1,400 North Vietnamese civilians died and

twice that number were wounded. Would that such a sacrifice had been exacted many years ago. A half-million North Vietnamese might now be alive, not to mention hundreds of thousands of South Vietnamese, and thousands of Americans. Dogmatic opposition to Richard Nixon (as opposed to discriminating opposition) will unquestionably be accepted by future epistemologists as the single greatest impediment to knowledge in the twentieth century. If only the gentlemen would not only concede that Nixon was right, which would be the gallant thing to do; but learn from his having been right! Wars would certainly be shorter, and almost as certainly less frequent. □

HISTORICAL OPPORTUNITY *New York*, Feb. 8 — The front-page story in these parts is that Mr. John Lindsay is thinking of running for senator from New York in 1974—against Jacob Javits. Really, it is too much. It is as if Lynda Bird ran against Luci Baines: Such incestuous strife is altogether unbecoming, and Mayor Lindsay winced as the thought was uttered.

You need to understand this. Jacob Javits grew up and prospered in the left-Democratic wing of the Republican Party. His principal protégé was—John Lindsay. When, in 1969, the people showed their customary advance over the thinking of their leaders, by rejecting Lindsay for renomination for mayor on the Republican ticket, Lindsay was outcast. The Liberal Party proffered him its nomination. Nelson Rockefeller, as Republican Governor, announced that perforce he would need to back the Republican candidate, Mr. John Marchi. But Jacob Javits, whose ideological loyalty (quite correctly) transcended his party loyalty, backed Lindsay. That wasn't the most popular thing to do, but in those days Javits was talking quite incessantly about the need to remodel the Republican Party around the progressive image of such as young John Lindsay.

Young John Lindsay, however, waited two years, for reasons not absolutely clear to those to whom basic

perceptions come more quickly, before recognizing that, in fact, his heart was in the Democratic Party, not the Republican Party. So with great fanfare, he crossed the aisle. All of this was very carefully staged by his political impresario, Mr. Richard Aurelio, who had decided that nothing would do but that John Lindsay must become the President of the United States. He even persuaded a couple of young fire-eaters to write a book on the impending election of Lindsay to the White House. Mr. Lindsay played out his role, got lost in the swamps of Florida, and then in the snowbanks of Wisconsin, and returned to New York, from whose destruction he had been temporarily diverted. Now he desires a wider canvas on which to paint his abstractions, and he thinks senator would be nice.

He has, however, a choice. He could run instead for governor of New York. He is inclined to do this, we learn from the reports, mostly because he would like more than anything in this world—more, even, than being the worst mayor in the country—to beat Rockefeller. He hates Rockefeller. Rockefeller hates him. Nobody quite knows why, but this mutual animosity is the source of great political energy in the Empire State. The trouble with running against Rockefeller, says Lindsay, isn't Rockefeller the candidate, it is Rockefeller the millionaire. Lindsay figures he would need \$15 million to run a successful campaign against Rockefeller. It is true that Rockefeller does not stint upon himself, and tends to favor expensive campaigns. But it is also true that Lindsay would probably worry a little about what would happen in a Lindsay-Rockefeller race even if they were limited to spending a thousand dollars apiece. So now he talks about running against . . .

HIS OLD friend Javits. Parricide, in politics, is not unknown. As a matter of fact, nothing in politics is unknown. But there is in the spectacle of a Javits-Lindsay fight something both to frustrate, and to solace the state's conservative constituency. On the one hand, they can console themselves that whoever wins, nothing could be worse. Unless the Americans for Democratic Action inflate their Voting Standard, Lindsay cannot exceed the 100 per cent Javits regularly achieves. On the other hand, neither can anything be better. Unless . . .

That would be the contest for a New York Conservative who aspired to become the junior senator, elevating the incumbent sainted junior senator to the seniority he so richly deserves. What an exciting prospect: a Conserva-

tive candidate, knocking out in a single election, Jacob Javits and John Lindsay! It has got to be the most spectacular juxtaposition since the last total eclipse, when the sun and the moon were lined up together, vulnerable to a single shaft from a divine opportunist. □

FRANK SHAKESPEARE

New York, Feb.

1—Mr. Frank Shakespeare has now stepped down as Director of the United States Information Agency. And several newspapers have dispatched him with considerable rancor. I take leave to dissent . . .

I met Frank Shakespeare casually, about ten years ago. I knew about him then only that he was a successful young executive in CBS, and that he had a natural affinity for—what he understood to be the purpose of America, viewed from a perspective now almost two hundred years old. And a heightened concern for the obligations of America, in a world divided for the most part between those who are hostile to freedom, and those who are indifferent to it. He had gone to Holy Cross College, where he was taught everything there is to learn in the store of human knowledge except the difference between the word appraise and the word apprise, which is the only vulnerability on which the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* might over the years profitably have fastened.

A few years later—I divulge a confidence—he approached me to ask my opinion—only one of many, obviously, that he approached on the matter—whether I thought Richard Nixon had credentials to serve as President, and to forward a cause we now implicitly acknowledged as having in common. I told him it was my opinion that Mr. Nixon did, and in due course Frank Shakespeare presented himself, in the early months of 1968, to Mr. Nixon and offered to stick with him through the election.

When Mr. Nixon was elected, he asked Shakespeare to stay with him, and to take charge of the United States Information Agency. I know that he was not disposed to accept the assignment, in part because he felt that it was time now to return to his profession, in part because he felt he had consummated his commitment, and that he had not before thought in terms of helping to administer a fresh regime, only of midwifing one. Mr. Nixon, in any case, prevailed, and Shakespeare found himself directing a very large agency, with ten thousand employees,

which was never altogether sure of its function.

The point is hardly settled, what is its function. There are various concepts, some of them not easily compressible. I think it accurate to suggest that Frank Shakespeare believes that truth ought to be the tuning fork of our information policy. But in order to make even that statement coherent, it becomes necessary to acknowledge, however softspokenly, two things. One of them is that as a nation we are modestly, but documentably, committed to certain human values and that necessarily we make judgments with some reference to those values. Another is that the exigencies of diplomacy are not to be confused with the philosophical elaboration of a just society.

My first direct experience with the USA was in Vienna, to which I went for my first breathtaking experience under the aegis of Frank Shakespeare. The public-affairs officers, gathered there from our offices in Eastern Europe for their bi-annual meeting, were passing around, with some amusement, a copy of a column written by Murray Kempton in high glee after reading the freshly published book, *The Selling of the President*, by Joe McGinnis. McGinnis held Shakespeare up to great ridicule for having said at a staff meeting in the course of the campaign the preceding summer that the Czechoslovakian coup proved yet again that the Soviet Union is not to be trusted to mature into liberalism. I recalled the column in a conversation with Mr. Kempton, a few days ago, and commented that perhaps the trouble with Shakespeare is that he takes Solzhenitsyn seriously. Kempton replied, that Shakespeare having served under CBS, no doubt he knew what Ivan Denisovich was talking about.

This is not the occasion to meditate on United States information policy. But it is appropriate to say that against a background of ambiguity as to mission, of concerted and even spiteful opposition by men of another disposition about United States information policy, during a period of great diplomatic upheaval, the symbols of which it is once again not appropriate to recall here, Frank Shakespeare conducted himself in such a way as to earn the quite unabashed admiration of his associates, of whom I was one. I am qualified only to add this, that I have not known a man more thoughtful to his friends, more spontaneous in his enthusiasm, more devoted to his family—or to his religion—or to his country, which is a better country for his service to it. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

- A. A writ issued by a superior court commanding performance of a specified official act or duty
31 40 177 57 3 172 197 98
- B. A writ of a superior court to call up records of an inferior court or a quasi-judicial body
44 160 35 39 89 99 111 124 170 199
- C. Failure to provide maintenance
81 34 128 20 74 181 193 10 6 47
- D. This fills entire libraries
171 43 114 119 163 12 198 19 97 85
155 188
- E. Legal rules formerly applied to cases arising in commercial transactions
180 1 145 64 122 137 79 129 189 201
8
- F. Unscramble PAST TIFF
185 115 70 102 162 133 11 51
- G. A variety of evergreens
9 58 23 117 83 173 138 107
- H. One who acts as a decoy or informer
33 18 191 22 73 120 96 154 165 200
46
- I. A pang
16 13 28 30 45
- J. A sworn statement in writing
87 69 25 42 139 110 164 182 105
- K. A cap or cover used in sewing to protect the finger
103 55 48 100 150 196 60
- L. To direct or impose by authoritative order
118 167 4 62 91 153

- M. A schedule of utility rates
140 104 121 7 86 26
- N. To uphold a judgment or decree of a lower court
144 146 158 93 112 134
- O. A heavy colorless inert gaseous element
41 50 66 68 78
- P. Devolved into the hands of a layman
152 2 63 190 71 135 147 166 130 36
56
- Q. Whether willing or not
156 5 61 94 109 168 49 52 72 106
116 15
- R. Surname of two famous American lawyers
161 186 37 17 123 65
- S. An international understanding providing for a common course of action
14 174 67 151 183 125 157
- T. One of my ancestors
21 77 108 141
- U. Pleasing to the taste
54 80 113 169 132 95 194 149 179
- V. One of these United States
76 195 90 126 192 84 176 29
- W. What Nixon turned out to be
59 24 75 136 184 187 82 92 142 53
- X. Marked by weakness or decadence
101 38 159 32 175 27
- Y. Whither the boy creeps "like a snail unwillingly"
131 88 178 127 148 143

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

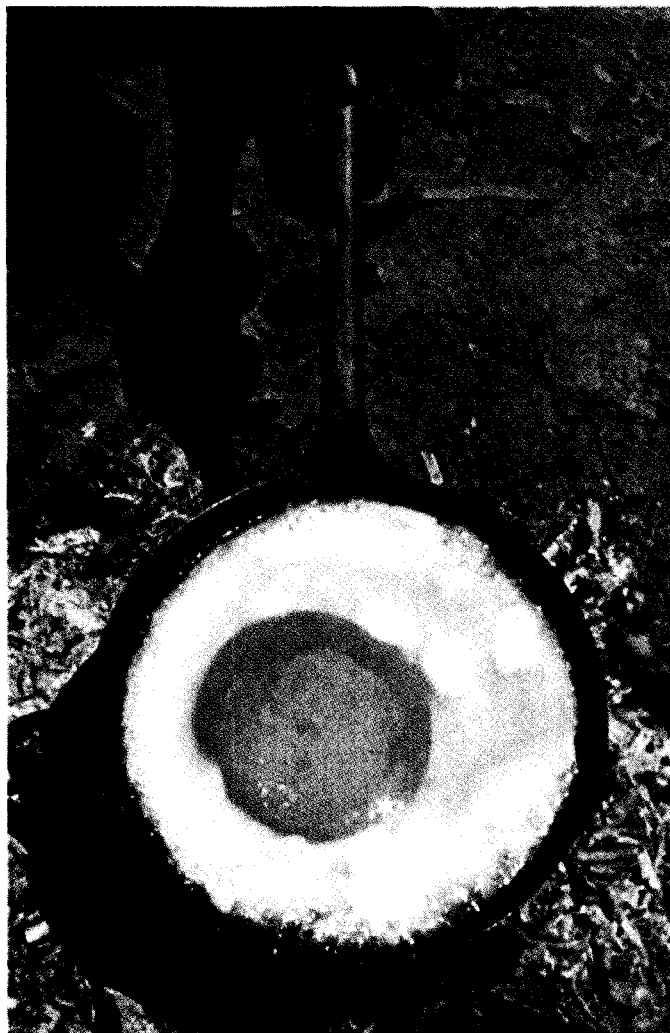
See page 276 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

1 E		2 P	3 A	4 L	5 Q	6 C	7 M	8 E	9 G		10 C	11 F		12 D	13 I	14 S		15 Q	16 I
17 R	18 H	19 D	20 C		21 T	22 H	23 G		24 W	25 J	26 M	27 X	28 I		29 V	30 I	31 A	32 X	
33 H	34 C	35 B	36 P		37 R	38 X		39 B	40 A	41 O		42 J	43 D	44 B	45 I	46 H	47 C	48 K	49 Q
50 O		51 F	52 Q	53 W		54 U	55 K	56 P		57 A	58 G	59 W	60 K	61 Q	62 L	63 P	64 E	65 R	66 O
67 S		68 O	69 J		70 F	71 P	72 Q	73 H	74 C	75 W	76 V	77 T	78 O		79 E	80 U	81 C	82 W	83 G
84 V	85 D		86 M	87 J	88 Y	89 B	90 V	91 L	92 W	93 N	94 Q	95 U		96 H	97 D		98 A	99 B	100 K
101 X		102 F	103 K	104 M	105 J	106 Q	107 G		108 T		109 Q	110 J	111 B	112 N	113 U	114 D		115 F	116 Q
117 G	118 L	119 D	120 H	121 M	122 E	123 R	124 B	125 S	126 V	127 Y	128 C		129 E	130 P	131 Y		132 U	133 F	134 N
135 P	136 W	137 E	138 G	139 J		140 M	141 T	142 W		143 Y	144 N	145 B		146 N	147 P	148 Y	149 U		150 K
151 S	152 P	153 L	154 H		155 D	156 Q		157 S	158 N	159 X	160 B	161 R	162 F	163 D	164 J	165 H		166 P	167 L
168 Q	169 U	170 B	171 D	172 A	173 G	174 S	175 X		176 V	177 A		178 Y	179 U	180 E	181 C	182 J	183 S	184 W	
185 F	186 R	187 W		188 D	189 E	190 P		191 H	192 V		193 C	194 U	195 V	196 K	197 A	198 D	199 B	200 H	201 E

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